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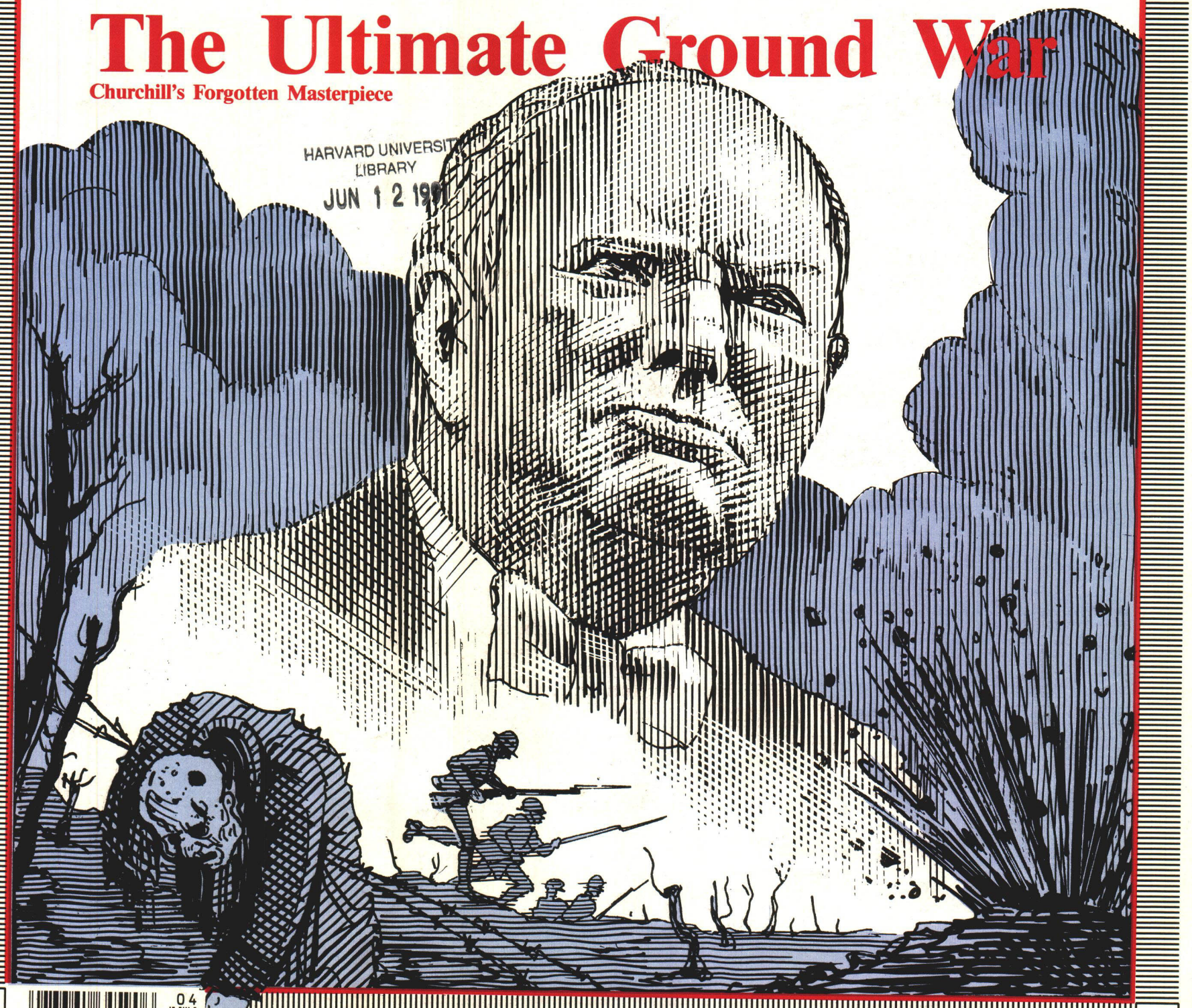

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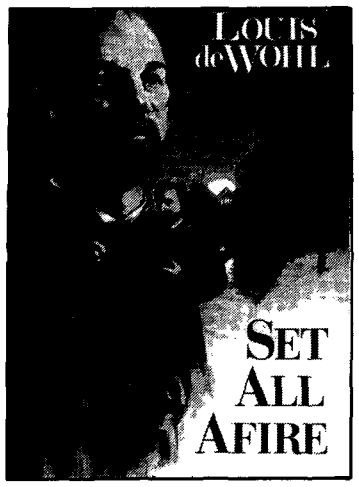

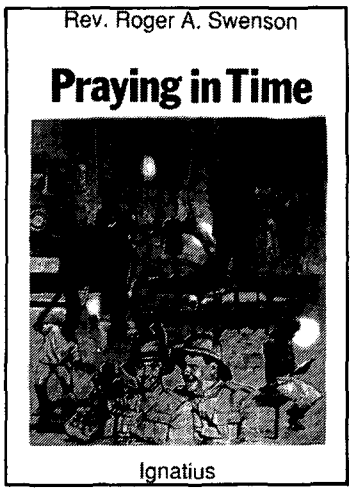

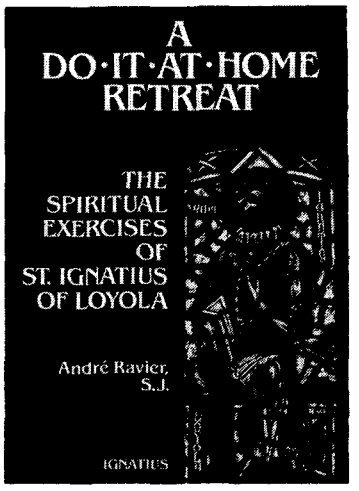

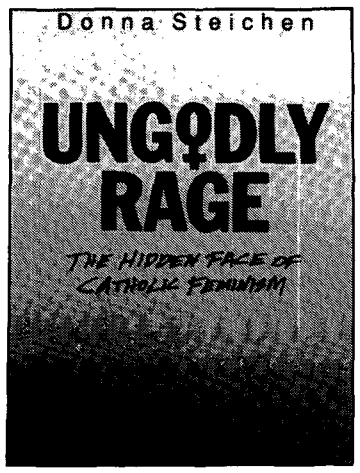

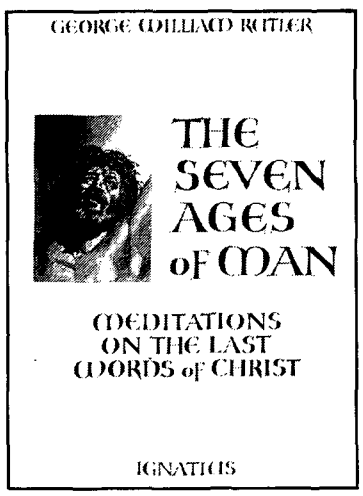

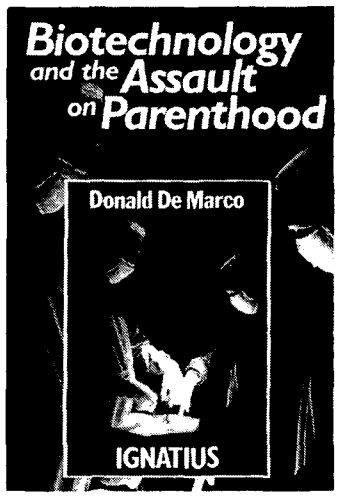

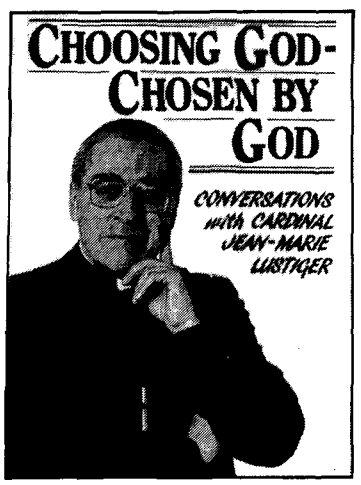

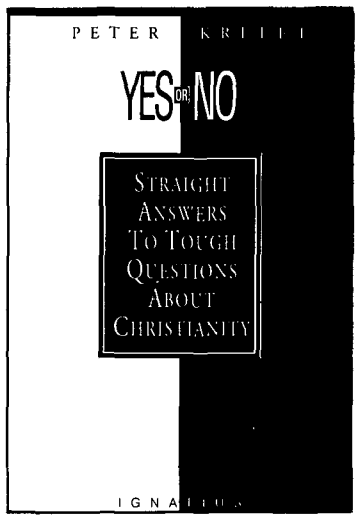

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Israel, the Arabs, & Human Rights (1)

We Americans are much concerned with human rights. Of late, much of this concern has been focused on the Middle East. Remarkably, however, virtually all of that concern seems to be directed towards Israel, and hardly any of it to the Arab states in bitter and perpetual conflict with Israel. Is Israel's human rights record really that bad? Is that of the Arabs really that good?

What are the facts?

■ The Western world compares Israel to the Western democracies and applies to Israel Western standards of behavior, especially in the area of human rights. Israel is, of course, a democracy, in which the liberties that we take for granted are equally available to all citizens—Jews and Arabs alike. Among the Arab countries, not a single one adheres to even minimal standards of human rights. While to us in the United States, the human rights performance of other countries is mostly a matter of abstraction, it is a daily reality for Israel. They have to live with it. Israel expects to and is expected to adhere to high principles. But the enemies surrounding it, virtually all of them (with the notable exception of Egypt) having Israel's destruction close to the top of their agendas, do not play "by the rules".

■ For instance, Israel is bitterly denounced and condemned for having deported a handful of Palestinians, who were convicted of crimes against public order. Compare that with the routine expulsion of people from the Arab nations. The Palestinians, who are residents of most countries of the Middle East, are particularly vulnerable to expulsion, for the most insignificant offenses, or simply because their presence is not deemed to be in the best interest of the host. Tiny Kuwait, for instance, deported over 27,000 (!) people in 1986, many Palestinians among them. In February of 1988, Kuwait expelled many more, in order to quell demonstrations supporting Palestinian rioters in the territories administered by Israel.

■ Much is made of the loss of life in Israel and in the administered territories since the beginning of the so-called "intifada". But, in view of how long this has been going on and considering the violence and the hatred on the part of the Arabs, it is remarkable how few people have died. The relatively small number of casualties is testimonial to the restraint of the Israeli military and the Israeli government. Who can doubt that the "intifada" could have been suppressed in a few days, had Israel followed the cruel norms of the area in which it is located. Some Arab states conduct wholesale massacres of political opponents as state policy. In 1982, for instance, Syrian president Hafez Assad ordered the killing of over 20,000 civilians in the city of Hama. Iraq routinely executes so many people for bizarre "offenses" (such as insulting the president) that Amnesty International has given up counting them. Iraq has also recently reached a new low in human rights abuse by killing more than 5,000 of its own Kurdish citizens by poison gas, because they were not thought to be politically reliable. The Democratic Republic of Yemen holds periodic mass executions. Even the so-called "moderates" among the Arab states know how to handle civil disobedience "efficiently". Saudi Arabia, where slaves are still being kept and where public amputations for small offenses are the norm, killed over 400 Muslim pilgrims in one bloody day in Mecca in 1987. Egyptian troops killed over 100 people during riots in 1986. In April of 1989, Algerian government troops opened fire in the city of Souk Ahras against Algerian citizens who were protesting food prices and corruption. The army didn't hesitate to machine-gun 350 people to death in less than an hour.

■ Much effort is expended in criticizing Israel's human rights record in its treatment of the Palestinians in the administered territories. In the climate of violence created by the intifada, during which hundreds of Palestinians have been killed by their fellow Arabs, the occasional act of violence by individual Israelis is perhaps to be expected. Every such violation is contrary to explicit laws and standing military orders and is investigated, prosecuted and punished. Compare that with the human rights violations and the ruthlessness of the Arab states against the Palestinians living in their midst. In 1970, during the "Black September" riots, Jordanian military killed 3,400 Palestinians in just 10 days. In 1976, the Syrian army killed over 23,000 Palestinians. In the three-year "war of the camps", the death toll of Palestinians reached over 3,000. At least that number of Palestinians is reported to languish in Syrian prisons.

Israel is a democratic country, with a freely elected government that is fully responsible to its citizens for its actions. It is the only such country in the entire Middle East. It shares with the Western democracies a fundamental commitment to human rights. Israeli society is totally open and accessible to the media of all countries. Individual human rights violations are promptly put under the microscope of public scrutiny. In contrast, virtually all Arab countries are ruled by self-appointed tyrants and are secretive and closed societies. Their massive and brutal human rights abuses go largely unreported. Journalists and T.V. reporters are allowed in these countries by invitation only. When there, they'd better know what to report and how to report it if they don't wish to be killed, kidnapped, or officially "tried" and executed, as recently happened in Iraq.

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C O N T E N T S

God Is on Our Side.....Michael Ledeen 12
How else to explain the blunders of Gorby, Saddam & Co. that keep saving us from the consequences of our own folly?

The Six-Week War.....Edward Norden 14
A war letter from Jerusalem.

Who Killed Nick Blake?.....William Rosenau 17
Returning to Guatemala in search of a friend's dead brother.

A Ground War for All Time: Churchill's Forgotten Masterpiece
..... Algis Valiunas 19
In the despair following World War I, The World Crisis *restored the politics of national interest to its rightful place.*

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis..... 6
Correspondence..... 7
Editorials/Our Dynamic Duo/The Malcontents.....
.....R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr. 8
Capitol Ideas/Star-Wars Wars.....Tom Bethell 9
The Nation's Pulse/Day Two.....Benjamin J. Stein 25
Eminentoes/Mr. Occidental.....Edward Jay Epstein 27
Presswatch/Dispatches.....Terry Eastland 28
Soviet Presswatch/Saving Face.....Cathy Young 30
The Great American Saloon Series/The Fairfax on Embassy Row
.....Aram Bakshian, Jr. 32
The Talkies/Someday Her Prints Will Come...James Bowman 33
The Moscow Spectator/Gloom City.....Robert D. Novak 41
Current Wisdom.....Assorted Jackasses 43

BOOK REVIEWS

Cathay, by Fergus Bordewich, and *Legacies,* by Betty Bao Lord
.....William McGurn 35
The Russian Revolution, by Richard Pipes.....Craig S. Lerner 37
The Power and the Glitter, by Ronald Brownstein..Fred Barnes 38
Consequences, by John C. Tower.....Joe Queenan 39

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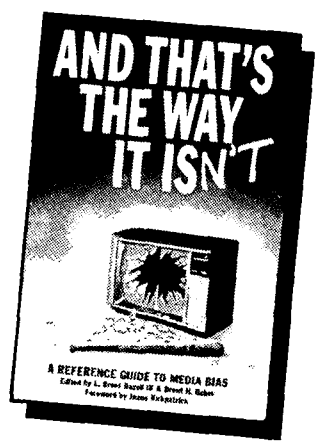

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THE CONTINUING CRISIS

• February ended, and Washington's wise coves are no longer complaining that George H. W. Bush is a bore. In fact, some observers are concerned that he is too much the live wire, for instance, Mr. Saddam Hussein, president of what has heretofore been called Iraq. Throughout February President Bush sedulously devoted himself to removing President Hussein's oppressive olive drab great coat, which the grim lunatic wears whether indoors or out. Some conservatives, such as our own Tom Bethell, have insisted that beneath that coat there beats the heart of a Napoleon Bonaparte.

• Now, however, the combination of Ronald Reagan's war machine and George Bush's statecraft reveals that it is only the heart of a cheap little Hitler bereft of Prussians to protect him. All that will be missed with the passing of Herr Hussein is the marvelous flamboyance of his oratory, a flavorous specimen of which on February 24 he broadcast to that sad public health hazard that once was his army: "Oh faithful and noble people, wherever you are. . . . The despicable Bush and his treasonous agent Fahd, and all those who supported them in committing crimes, shame, and aggression, committed the treachery. Those cowards who have perfected the acts of treachery, treason, and vileness, committed treachery after they departed from every path of virtue, goodness, and humanity. They have committed treachery. . . . They betrayed everyone. God, however, is above everyone. . . . He will strike back their treachery on their necks and shame them. . . . " I shall miss this crank, but for a reminder of his style and basic humanity I can always resort to old issues of *Ms.* magazine.

• In the People's Republic of San Francisco, members of the police force were barred from wearing U.S. flags on their uniforms lest indigenous peace demonstrators stifle their irenic impulses and wreak violence upon the cops, whose shiny badges could be next to go; and what about those pompous birds on their caps and all that egregious braid? At the University of Maryland administrators failed to restrain students from hanging American flags from dormitory windows, and one administrator nearly suffered a seizure when a janitor passed his office whistling "America the Beautiful." Iraq's capture of the first female American soldier, Army Spec. 4 Melissa A. Nealy, elicited whoops of triumph from the National Organization for Women whose beauteous spokesperson cited it as an enormous achievement for the women's movement and cause for sending even more of our gals into the trenches. And Ralph Nader seems to be joining Jesse Jackson in walking the lonely trail to oblivion. Only one person showed up for Ralph's recent press conference booming his new project on government procurement, and that lone participant was either a capitalist spy or a well-dressed member of the homeless.

• For the Democrats, happy days are here again. The Hon. George S. McGovern announced his availability for the 1992 Democratic presidential nomination on February 14—the very day the press chose to disclose that his bankrupt tourist hotel was closing and tossing thirty-five guests into the night. Some political analysts believe that the disclosures could impede Mr. McGoo's procession to glory, but do not forget that the homeless compose a significant constituency in the McGovern strategy, and he now has thirty-five additional votes. In Norway, Mr. Vidar Kleppe of the right-wing Progress party nominated President Bush for the Nobel Peace Prize in recognition of the President's role in leading the international coalition against Iraq. In the United States, the American Friends Service Committee nominated former President Jimmy Carter for the award, claiming that he has been the best ex-president in American history. Precisely what this means remained wrapped in Quaker gibbering, but perhaps an exemplary ex-president is one who has absolutely no chance ever again of being president of anything. In Athens, Georgia, the defense rests, but not the jury. There lawyers for Mr. Lamar Manus, 41, got Mr. Manus acquitted of reputedly molesting a 15-year-old boy by coaxing Mr. Manus to display his male member to the jury. The young man had testified that Mr. Manus's private part was just like his, but upon inspection it was revealed that Mr. Manus is uncircumcised, unlike his alleged victim. The American judicial system remains the marvel of the world!

• Clerics are responding very negatively to Episcopal Bishop John Shelby Spong's published speculation that St. Paul, the first-century "apostle to the Gentiles," was a "self-loathing and repressed" poofter. "Nothing else could account for Paul's self-judging rhetoric, his negative feeling for his own body and his sense of being controlled by something he has no power to change," writes Bishop Spong in his new monograph, *Rescuing the Bible from Fundamentalism*. "It's the craziest thing I've heard so far," responds Roman Catholic Archbishop Theodore McCarrick of Newark, New Jersey. But Bishop Spong insists that his speculations follow in the great tradition of such widely read liberal bishops as John Robinson of England and James Pike of California, both of whom were nearly insane before their untimely expiries.

• The 151st anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Waitangi was celebrated in downtown Waitangi, New Zealand, midst much revelry and moving oratory. It was in the Treaty of Waitangi that forty-six Maori chiefs recognized Queen Victoria as their sovereign and the handsomest man on earth. Scandal-ridden Stanford University suffered yet another jolt when the university's Task Force on Sexual Assault revealed that over the past three years one-third of the university's coeds have been the victims of date rape, an atrocity that is spreading across college campuses despite years of sex education and the hiring of thousands of really hideous female profs, many of whom wear pole-climbing boots to class and refuse to shave their mustaches. In Cincinnati, Ohio, Mr. Jeffrey Hengehold was convicted of murdering Miss Linda Hoberg after enjoying sexual congress with her and responding badly to the witty Miss Hoberg's somewhat injudicious quip, "Welcome to the world of AIDS." The humorless Mr. Hengehold then did her in and set her corpse alight.

• The Rev. Jesse Jackson's syndicated talk show may make it yet. Its ratings have been abysmal, despite the eloquence of Jesse and the many growing crises to which he regularly alludes, but one of the panelists, the celebrated Mr. Jon Ryan, chairman of the Baltimore-based National Coalition of Free Men, was smartly thrashed after an early-February show by an unnamed member of the audience protesting male rape, thus giving Jesse's aides the hope that the show might be able to compete on cable with women's mud wrestling. Mr. Pete Rose's prospects for entering the Hall of Fame dimmed after its board of directors barred from entry anyone with Mr. Rose's track record. A 13-year-old boy in Piru, California, was arrested for assaulting his mother with the family Chihuahua. Authorities refused to release the names of any of the participants in the melee, including the Chihuahua's. Former President Ronald Reagan turned 80, and Representative Silvio O. Conte, the maverick Republican, died, as did former New York Mayor, Mr. Robert Wagner, former congressman Mr. Hamilton Fish, Sr., and Mr. Edward Blatt. It was curtains, too, for Mr. Giovanni Vigliotto, the widely admired bigamist who claimed to have married 105 women. He died at the age of 61, ten years below the average life expectancy for a white American male.

• In Camden, New Jersey, Mrs. Doris Triplett, 31, was acquitted of murder charges after psychiatrists found merit in her testimony that when she attempted to poison and slash her three young sons she believed she was acting under orders from her teddy bear. The psychiatrists have yet to take testimony from the teddy bear, though it is assumed that the bear will have the full support of the animal rights movement. Amid worries that an especially mild

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winter in the East signals more global warming, snow fell on the French Riviera for the first time in five years. In New York City, Mayor David Dinkins's City Hall ceremony to honor the Super Bowl champion Giants had to be canceled after it was discovered that no one had invited the team.

• The Irish Republican Army lobbed three mortar shells at 10 Downing Street. No injuries were reported, but the mortar that hit the prime minister's garden has put British horticulturists in a militant state of mind, and badly shaken scores of expectant daffodils. Half of the original manuscript of *Huckleberry Finn* was found in a California attic. In San Antonio, Texas, 80-year-old Mr. Rogerio Herrera pleaded guilty to killing his 70-year-old girl friend, Miss Amelia Perales, after she appeared naked in the kitchen of their home and repeatedly refused his pleas that she make herself presentable. Finally, *The American Spectator* feted the members of its Washington Club of benefactors with a very high-toned meal at the Willard Hotel during which it conferred its first *American Spectator*/Libertad Free Expression Award on Mr. Peter S. Kalikow, publisher of the intrepid *New York Post.* —*RET*

CORRESPONDENCE

Dorothy Healey Remembers

My attention has been called to Ronald Radosh's review of my and Maurice Isserman's book, *Dorothy Healey Remembers,* in *The American Spectator* (January 1991). I will refrain from comment on his ideologically motivated remarks but I insist on a retraction of his statement that I told him that I had "brought thousands of dollars back in a suitcase, with which the American [Communist] party bought its new headquarters on West 23rd Street in New York City."

At no time in my life have I transported money, nor did I ever indicate anything other than that to Radosh. Before printing this ludicrous and defamatory lie your editor might at least have inquired how this suitcase passed through customs without detection.

If this fabrication is not retracted I shall proceed to legal action.

—Dorothy Healey
Washington, D.C.

Glorious Evolution

I am writing to comment on what I believe to be erroneous statements regarding the outlook of many scientists on evolutionary doctrine and religion in an otherwise informative article (*"Scientific American* on Trial," by Terry Eastland, *TAS,* February 1991). For many scientists, as well as laymen, the statement "Thus, for them, theistic evolution is a contradiction in terms; the alternatives are two and only two: creation or evolution, God or not God" does not at all represent the predominant view.

I am a molecular biologist, with my belief in evolutionary doctrine fully supported by literally thousands of publications in the fields of biology, chemistry, physics, astronomy, geology, anthropology, and paleontology. That the earth and life on it evolved over the course of many billions of years is not in doubt. I am also a Christian who believes that God has created Earth over these years by evolutionary mechanisms more elegant and beautiful than any described in the book of Genesis. No biologist or physicist can say where the original matter came from to produce the Big Bang and the carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, etc., from which biological life forms evolved by the powerful process of evolution. Herein lies the role of God in an evolutionary doctrine. Most scientists want to seek out knowledge of how the current life forms came about and how they function, and to understand the physical and chemical rules of the universe. Most are not involved in a quest to prove that a God does not exist. "Creation or evolution, God or not God" is not a choice that has to be made by scientists or anyone else. Nor should it be.

—R. Thomas Boyd
Department of Pharmacology
The Ohio State University
Columbus, Ohio

While I really do not wish to defend the actions of *Scientific American* in its handling of Mr. Mims in his quest for appointment as the writer of the "Amateur Scientist" column, I do feel that Mr. Eastland might have explored a few of the issues that might have led Mr. Piel to the decision he made. A little time spent with the writings of Stephen Jay Gould (a professor in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard and author of many popular books with long words) would certainly have broadened Mr. Eastland's perspective and led him to different conclusions.

Mr. Eastland might have pointed out that the laws passed in various states during the Scopes era simply barred the teaching of evolution by itself. This strategy prevailed until the Supreme Court struck down such laws in 1968. In much of the nation, evolution, when presented, was discussed as one "theoretical" alternative to creationism for over forty years.

After 1968, creationists took the tack of promoting "creation science" or "scientific creationism" as an alternative to evolution. In 1987, courts finally struck down these laws in the few states where the teaching of this subject along with evolution was mandated. The efforts of creationists before state textbook selection committees (particularly in Texas and California, the biggest purchasers of textbooks) and local school boards continue.

Mr. Eastland could have added that the difficulty in engaging creationists in any sort of reasonable debate lies with their adherence to the *literal* story of Genesis and the inerrancy of the Bible; this causes them to rely on miracles, time compression, and mischaracterization of science to arrive at creation date of 6000 B.C., despite the evidence of the fossil record, astronomy, and the past lives of Ms. Shirley MacLaine (author of many popular books with short words). As Gould has written,

> Against these negative assessments [of fundamentalist claims], we must counterpose the overwhelming judgment provided by consistent observations and inferences by the thousands. The earth is billions of years old and its living creatures are linked by ties of evolutionary descent. Scientists stand accused of promoting dogma by so stating, but do we brand people illiberal when they proclaim that the earth is neither flat nor at the center of the universe? Science *has* taught us some things with confidence. Evolution on an ancient earth is as well established as our planet's shape and position. Our continuing struggle to understand how evolution happens (the "theory of evolution") does not cast our documentation of its occurrence—the "fact of evolution"—into doubt.

The scars of these battles remain. Today, many high school biology textbooks do not mention evolution! Mencken may have laughed in 1925 at the absence of any intellectual nuggets in the arguments of William Jennings Bryan, but to date Bryan has had the last laugh. Possibly Mr. Piel hoped in some small way to ensure that Bryan's was the penultimate laugh.

Mr. Eastland inappropriately injects the issue of political correctness into the dispute (certainly not a debate) between fundamentalists and scientists. There is no conflict between the "fact of evolution" and most religions or non-fundamentalist sects. For example, the Catholic Church has no problem with the facts of science and its own belief system for the simple reason that its beliefs are not based on the inerrancy of the Bible. The ability to understand, acknowledge, and contribute to science in no way precludes religious belief.

But what happens when religious belief prompts an individual to ignore science, to ignore "consistent observations and inferences by the thousands," as appears to be the case with Mr. Mims? Is not such conscious disregard for the truth irrational? What is the risk inherent in hiring such an individual as a spokesman for a prestigious scientific publication? Would the American Cancer Society seriously consider a tobacco-chewing, cigarette-smoking, alcohol-swilling womanizer for a position as its spokesman? Those in a position to hire must be pragmatic, must consider the potential long-term impact of their decisions. *Scientific American* has had enough problems making money for its owners without having to worry about some controversy regarding the extracurricular activities of one of its staff. *—Michael J. Cakora*
Springfield, Virginia

Terry Eastland replies:

The writers have a point: Not all evolutionary biologists regard theistic evolution as a contradiction in terms. I should have reflected this fact in my column. Typical of the kind of scientist I described was the well-known Darwinist George Gaylord Simpson, who wrote: "Man is the result of a purposeless and natural process that did not have him in mind." As to whether theistic evolution is the predominant view among biologists, I defer to Professor Boyd.

Shrinking Violeta: An Exchange

Lauren Weiner's ill-conceived attack on the government of Violeta Chamorro, for what she seems to consider its insufficient ideological purity, lacks accuracy as well as acuity ("Violinistas," *TAS,* December 1990).

With regard to the first point, please note the following:

(1) The strikes called by the Sandinista opposition are described by Weiner as "paralyzing," a cliche that belongs in the *Nation*, not *TAS*. In reality, the strikes have been a nuisance, but have paralyzed nothing. The chief feature of these strikes has been the lack of enthusiasm, if not downright hostility, of workers in relation to the Sandinista labor leadership. If anything, the strikes

(continued on page 39)

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EDITORIALS

OUR DYNAMIC DUO

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

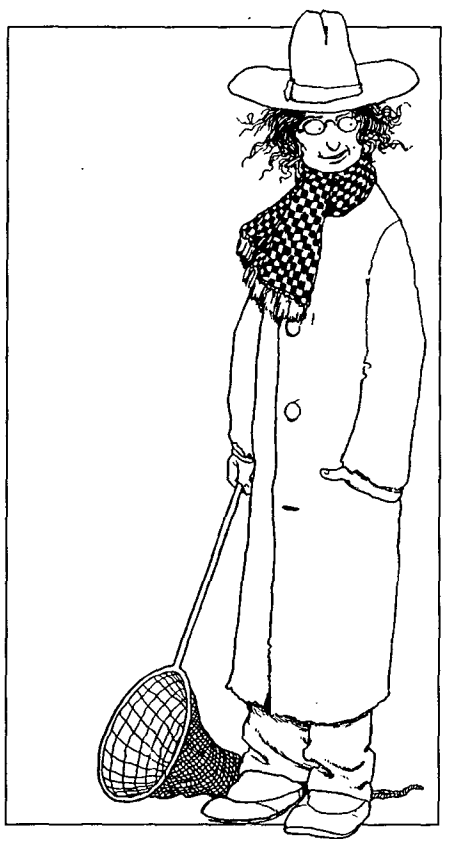
"Only two presidents in recent decades could have recognized the threat posed by Saddam Hussein's invasion of Kuwait, held a coalition together against Saddam, cut through the diplomatic fog created by foolish friends and treacherous foes, kept reasonable objectives in view, and pursued them to an expeditious conclusion. Those presidents are Ronald Reagan and George Bush." That is the way our national correspondent, Victor Gold, responds to George Bush's successful conclusion of seven months of judicious diplomacy and force in the Persian Gulf.

If you discount the wisdom of the above testimonial by recalling that Vic is one of the President's jogging buddies, a 1980 supporter of a Bush presidency, and the co-author of the President's memoir, you commit what students of debate recognize as the generic fallacy. The reliability of an idea depends on the evidence—not the origin of the idea. The evidence is that Ronald Reagan scotched international terrorism and the spread of Communism by dispatching force to Libya and Grenada. The evidence is that President Bush fell neither for Saddam's sophistries nor for his threats. When Mr. Gorbachev saucily stepped forward at the eleventh hour to tantalize Mr. Bush with specious diplomatic gains far from the Gulf theater of operations, the President did not become piggish.

Somehow this President distinguishes what is real from what is gas. Saddam's threat to the stability of a critical area was real. Mr. Gorbachev's promise of a diplomatic exit was gas. His gambit would have mired us in the Middle East against hostile and powerful forces while the stature of the Soviets and radical Arabs waxed. Mr. Gorbachev knew precisely what he was doing, and he has my respect. Remind me never to play chess or poker with him. But this President and the last one have even more of my respect. They live in a polluted atmosphere and survive brilliantly, though they wear no gas masks.

I suspect that every President before these two—going back probably to Harry Truman—would have been avid for the kind of cheap but treacherous diplomatic gimmicks that the President has been brushing aside since August. All would have had a weakness for the preposterous inventions that have resounded through our culture: 20,000 American casualties, endless war, the "Arab masses" against us, terrorists everywhere, the coalition breaks up . . . the cow jumps over the moon! From the lofty redoubts of American culture we have heard all this twaddle and more. Repeatedly I found myself in TV debates with my moral and intellectual superiors, all taking time out from their think tanks and university chairs to intone the above canards and to gush on about such delusions as the efficacy of economic sanctions and negotiations.

Looking into their eyes I saw no glimmer of recognition that the Saddam they so feared is in reality a cheap little Hitler bereft of Prussians to protect him. How had Israel remained alive if Saddam was so mighty? And what about that army of Iranian teenagers who, without air cover, fought him to a stalemate? But the morally and intellectually superior of our country do not live in a healthy environment. They live in a culture thoroughly polluted by politics. They live in *Kultursmog*. As they see the world, America is an embarrassment whose impulses are to be feared. American force never assists any good cause; most foreign forces deserve our sympathy. Most past American experience has been reprehensible. Yet there is hope. Come up into the *Kultursmog* to see the wondrous possibilities of a New Age.



Hence these balmy minds now brood that Americans are "vindictive" (Father Robert Drinan on ABC) or "jingoistic" and capable of international "lawlessness" (Anthony Lewis in the *New York Times*), when all we want is to protect our troops and our friends from a man who attacks noncombatants, rapes and pillages defenseless Arab countries, uses hostages, poisons waterways, threatens chemical and nuclear war, and claims "glorious" victory after disrupting world peace and wrecking his country. And of course we want to celebrate a deserved victory. What is wrong with that? Well, the voices of the *Kultursmog* chide us that we have yet to end crime in the streets, illiteracy in the schools, and so on. One thing at a time. The agents of Ronald Reagan and George Bush will handle these matters in due course. □

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*

THE MALCONTENTS

January 30, 1991

It is the onset of night, and having heard the evening news's latest reports of Saddam's shameless brutality against noncombatant civilians in Tel Aviv, against POWs in Iraq, and against the birds and fishes of the Persian Gulf, I trundle over to Lafayette Park, across from the White House, to see what's up. The anti-war demonstrators are milling about and mad as hell. One gets the impression they were born mad as hell, or that they never have gotten over that mad-as-hell disposition that envelops us in early adolescence and evaporates in the springtime of adulthood, unless we are doomed to the condition of the malcontent.

What are these anti-war demonstrators lathered up about? Are they opposed to all war as the strict pacifist is opposed to all war? No, not many are. In fact, only a handful of generally bespectacled bookish types had any interest in or knowledge of pacifism. Many notified me that we should be fighting for democracy, not Arab sheiks. These, I suppose, were the strict Wilsonians in the group, though old Woodrow would not be proud of such disorderly minds. Some claimed that we have no business in Kuwait when we have so many problems at home. These were the isolationists, though they would make lousy 1930s Republicans. Others yelled at me that we ought not be waging war over oil—their raucous yells are understandable: I was well bathed, my hair neatly trimmed, and I wore a trenchcoat. They thought that I was a government agent. One, in fact, suggested that I had taken his picture with a tiny camera that he believed he detected behind my earlobe.

Now, of course, the blah about oil is not serious. There is no evidence that the anti-war demonstrators are willing to live in a world without oil or with exorbitant oil prices; what would power their boom-boxes and Nintendo games? But then these are not serious anti-war demonstrators. They do not warn of impending nuclear holocaust, for the thought of Saddam incinerating the world with nuclear bombs is too absurd even for these patheticos to adumbrate. Were the civilized nations of the world to allow the Saddams of the world to develop their war machines unmolested, they might indeed someday present us with nuclear holocaust, but not now and, after American arms prevail in a few weeks, not for a while.

There was a time when anti-war demonstrations had a serious theme,

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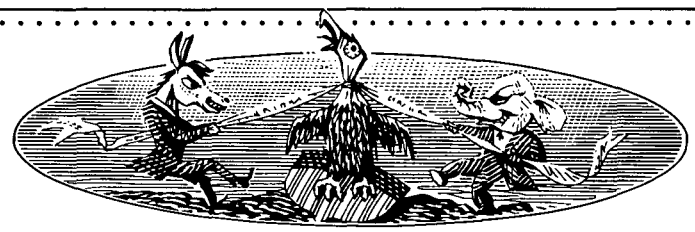
which was nuclear holocaust. When the United States faced Korean Communists and Vietnamese Communists, the case could be made that our "limited engagement"—as the phrase then had it—threatened to bring in nuclear powers and a nuclear confrontation. In 1962 our policy towards Communist Cuba did indeed lead to a nuclear confrontation that breathed new life into anti-war activists and kept them alive for years to come. But none of the rabble in Lafayette Park can speak seriously of nuclear holocaust. Nor have many played much of a role in peace movements of the recent past. These mad-as-hell demonstrators are the purest distillation of a type that has steadily evolved in American society, the malcontent.

The malcontent with his absurd grudges and dissatisfactions is a standard feature in literature going back to the seventeenth century, when his dispendious wrath fetched theater-goers. Shakespeare's malcontents were always a source of drama or of laughs. The playwright Marston even wrote a play entitled *The Malcontent*. In American history few malcontents have played a role. Their complaints are always petty or fanciful and were until recently recognized as such. Over the last two decades, however, malcontents have for some reason achieved solemnity. Think of the groups on college campuses who insist that youth attend college but then denature college curricula with books based on race, sex, and other meretricious matters. Think of those who menace medical advances rather than allow animal experimentation.

Education, science, and, for that matter, war, are all serious issues. But today crowding around these issues are people who are mad as hell. Nothing can be done to appease their anger. The demonstrators in front of the White House will go on to some other demonstrations when this war ends. We should recognize them for what they are and join Shakespeare in the laughter. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



STAR-WARS WARS

by Tom Bethell

Before a small group the other day at the Hoover Institution, Angelo Codevilla addressed the topic of military defense against missile attacks. With the televised drama of Patriot missiles intercepting Scuds, the subject is once again on many people's minds. It was eight years ago, in March 1983, that President Reagan gave his famous speech advocating a strategic defense initiative—"Star Wars," as it was subsequently called. As Codevilla likes to point out, the interval between President Kennedy's speech promising a moon landing and the actual moon landing was slightly over eight years. Missile defenses still have not been deployed.

Codevilla was about to begin speaking when Edward Teller, the inventor of the hydrogen bomb, came into the room. Now 83 years old, Teller (who has a wooden leg) was propelling himself forward with an eight-foot staff, like a Venetian gondolier. He sat in a chair at the table next to Codevilla, and seemed to be sound asleep within minutes. But it turned out that he was listening.

Codevilla was discussing the (short) range at which the Patriots have been intercepting the Scuds.

"If the intercepts had been twenty miles away," Teller suddenly said, "the debris would have fallen to the ground without doing any damage."

Codevilla said that the radar for the Patriot was originally twice as powerful, but the system had been "descoped" in the late 1970s, to avoid running afoul of the ABM treaty. Signed in 1972, this treaty commits the U.S. to a dubious theory of deterrence. With retaliation threatened, missile attacks supposedly would not occur in the first place. "A beautiful example of how wrong and nonsensical that treaty was," Teller said.

Both Teller and Codevilla are strong advocates of anti-missile defenses, both space- and ground-based. Beyond that, however, there are notable disagreements between them. Before becoming a senior research fellow at Hoover, Codevilla worked for Senator Malcolm Wallop (R-Wy.) on the Senate Intelligence Committee. Recently, after *New York Times* columnist Leslie Gelb derided "right wing myths" about missile defenses—principally the "myth" that the Patriot emerged from the SDI program (Gelb is worried that the Patriot will give new life to SDI)—Wallop responded with a column in the *Times* beginning:

> The Strategic Defense Organization has spent $24 billion in research in the Utopian pursuit of a perfect defense. So far it has produced nothing to defend anybody against anything. If our anti-missile efforts had not been turned into a nearly dead-end program and had focused on workability, our troops in the Gulf, and Israel, might have missile defenses far better than the Patriot.

These are Codevilla's sentiments as well. His response to Gelb's "myth" is to say that indeed the Patriot was not a part of the SDI program, and a good thing it wasn't. Government programs have a tendency to turn out nothing but paper at the best of times, and of course this tendency has been reinforced by the ABM treaty, which has been interpreted strictly by the U.S. (although not by the Soviets) to permit research and prevent action. The treaty reinforces the natural bureaucratic disposition.

"The detailees from the military services who work at the SDI Office enhance their careers by making no waves during their tours," Codevilla has written. "Life for the engineers is more complex. . . . Trained as they are to make technical molehills out of mountains, SDIO pays them to do the very opposite." Worse, the existence of a defense research program has transformed "the politically potent question, 'Are you for or against building this life-saving weapon?' into the politically narcotic question, 'Are you for or against SDI?' Thus leftist congressmen have shielded their home fronts by voting billions 'for SDI,' while conservative ignoramuses have made heroic fusses whenever 'SDI funding' has been 'saved.' The whole matter stinks."

Codevilla boldly calls some defense research "fraudulent," including in this indictment the "Brilliant Pebbles" program at Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory, a weapons research facility about forty miles east of San Francisco. The Livermore lab was founded in 1952, primarily through the efforts of Edward Teller, who "lobbied passionately in Congress and the Pentagon for a second nuclear lab [in addition to Los Alamos, New Mexico]," according to William Broad's account in *Star Warriors* (1985). "The site was named after his good friend and the laboratory's co-founder, Ernest O. Lawrence, a Nobel laureate who ran the radiation laboratory at the University of California at Berkeley." The leader of the "special studies" program at Livermore, which includes research on Brilliant Pebbles, is Lowell Wood, a friend and protege of Teller's. Wood graduated from UCLA with a Ph.D. in astrophysics in 1965.

Brilliant Pebbles are small orbiting rockets which can be propelled into the path of an intercontinental ballistic missile as it rises out of the Earth's atmosphere. Because the missile's speed is so great, an object weighing no more than "a small fishing weight" (about one ounce), according to Lowell Wood, will utterly destroy the missile. The trick is to get the pebble in the right place. The computer revolution of the past twenty years has made it possible for the Pebble to "see" the moving missile and to perform the necessary guidance calculations quickly and "brilliantly." But there is one great difficulty: getting the contraption anywhere near the ICBM in its boost phase, which lasts only for about five minutes. "The problem of Brilliant Pebbles is the same as the problem of real estate," Codevilla said. "Location, location, and location."

The laws of physics require that Pebbles orbit in a great circle (the plane of the orbit must pass through the center of the Earth). But, because of the Earth's rotation, Pebbles that orbit at

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Tom Bethell is The American Spectator*'s Washington correspondent and a media fellow at the Hoover Institution.*

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an angle to the equator (which they must do to pass over Soviet missile sites), will traverse different parts of the Earth with each orbit. Therefore, only a small percentage of Pebbles will be in the right place at any given time. Most of them will be passing ineffectually over the Pacific or the Atlantic—too far from missiles to have time or fuel to get into their path. (If both the attacking and the target country were on the equator, on the other hand, the problem would be simpler. Pebble orbits would always be identical to the flight path of potential missiles, and far fewer Pebbles would be required to threaten the missiles.)

No one seems to know exactly how many missiles the Soviets have, but the figure of 2,500 is often used. In the boost phase, these may be carrying up to ten warheads each. Depending on assumptions about their velocity and fuel capacity, perhaps only five percent of orbiting Brilliant Pebbles could be sufficiently close to boost-phase ICBMs at any given time. If so, preventing an all-out Soviet attack might require as many as 50,000 Pebbles—an "Asteroid Belt," as Codevilla puts it. But nothing like this many is contemplated. Although President Bush's State of the Union speech called for the SDI program to be "refocused on providing protection from limited ballistic missile strikes, whatever their source," only 500 are under consideration by the SDI Office.

The disparity between the number of Pebbles contemplated and the number needed, together with the "endless research" assumption of SDI—"there are more things to be learned before we can make an informed decision whether to defend ourselves," as Codevilla puts it—has led him to characterize the program as "fraudulent." A decade ago we had the technology to deploy chemical lasers in space, he says, and should already have done so. Since laser beams travel with the speed of light, the "location" problem associated with rockets does not arise. Chemical lasers were not seriously considered, however, for reasons that Codevilla spells out in his 1988 book, *While Others Build.*

After Reagan's 1983 speech, a panel headed by James Fletcher of NASA was "packed with military R&D interest groups united on one point—that there should be no building of missile defenses, but rather, that research should be split among them." In particular, the concept of "responsive threat"—holding that we should not consider as targets the missiles that currently exist and threaten us, but rather the missiles that might be built to defeat SDI—effectively prevented building. In response to lasers, for example, missiles might be built with thicker shells, which lasers could not harm. Therefore, impossibly powerful lasers would be required. Not so, says Codevilla. Thicker-skinned missiles would be too heavy to carry warheads.

A few days later, the public relations people told me that Lowell Wood would be available for an interview. Security was tight at the Livermore lab. The South Badge Office was filled with workmen waiting for clearance. Lawrence Livermore has a billion dollar budget and its 10,000 employees are mostly contractors to the Department of Energy. Its biggest single program is the design and development of nuclear weapons; but they also do fusion research and special projects like Brilliant Pebbles. I was driven a short distance to a World War II Navy barracks building.

Lowell Wood's position at Livermore is "leader of O Group, which does special studies," Jeffrey Garberson of Public Affairs was telling me. "It's something like a skunk works, if you're familiar with the Lockheed terminology . . . " At that point Wood came into the room.

He was wearing a red open-neck check shirt and a clearance badge in place of a tie. He has sandy hair and

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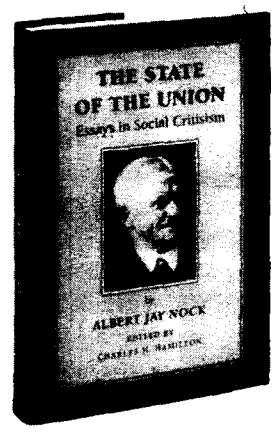

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a graying beard, and is a few months short of his fiftieth birthday. He talked confidently and fluently (see Broad's book for a more detailed sketch). "We only do research and development," he said. No production. "Our informal boast is that we only produce paper."

The Pebble itself would weigh no more than five pounds, he said. But with its drop-away propellant tanks and buffering sheath the total object might weigh 100 pounds. A single deployed Pebble might cost $1.1 to $1.4 million, and the total cost of deploying enough Pebbles to address a Soviet threat might be $18 billion. The maximum number needed to address such a threat? Maybe 6,000, of which 4,000 would have to be in operation at zero-hour.

What percentage of these would be in the area of a Soviet launch? "Baseline fraction is of the order of ten percent available to intercept in boost phase and post-boost phase," he said. Hmmmm. Maybe a little optimism here. But, as he said, the construction of Soviet missile silos along the trans-Siberian railroad "permits more Brilliant Pebbles to be engaged." (More, that is, than if all the missiles were in one place.)

Chemical lasers? "May well be a good way to go," Wood said. Laser beams can be "defeated" by additional armor, but then there's no leeway "to carry the payload"—Codevilla's point. The TRW Company in San Juan Capistrano is testing chemical lasers, Wood added, and has been doing so for some time.

The argument that Brilliant Pebbles won't work is dependent on the assumption of a simultaneous launch of Soviet forces. On this score, Wood made the interesting point that "the U.S. has never succeeded in firing a missile from the Continental U.S."—only from Vandenberg Air Force Base and Cape Canaveral. "We've tried," he said. "We tried seven times in the 1960s." But every attempt failed. He added that this information had been published in newspapers, although it is not common knowledge.

It is not necessarily an easy thing to launch an ICBM. The Soviets have fired salvoes of up to a dozen missiles at once, but given the incompetence of socialist economies, it is hard to imagine them or anyone else launching literally thousands simultaneously. (The Iraqis obviously had difficulty getting off more than one or two Scuds a day.) In this there may be a plausible answer to Codevilla's objections, and one that might continue to be obscured by secrecy surrounding U.S. government knowledge of the failure rate of Soviet missile testing. (Wood said this information was confidential.)

The main point, however, is that little can be done until we repudiate the ABM treaty and all its absurdities. On this, Codevilla, Teller, and Wood are no doubt in agreement. "We are a country of nearly a million lawyers, and we honor our treaties scrupulously," Wood said. Not only have the Soviets violated the treaty but their foreign minister, Eduard Shevardnadze, admitted as much. "We cannot even test Brilliant Pebbles in space," Wood said. Missiles are fired sub-orbitally and test devices shot at them. Livermore is burdened with a whole Treaty Verification Research Program, in which (I guess) working around the treaty masquerades as adherence to it.

Maybe the Iraq war will have alerted the public to the reality of missile defenses, and to the danger of remaining undefended. The war itself suggests the risks and skewed incentives of a military that is all offense and no defense. As my friend Art Robinson, who has long advocated both civil and missile defense (see my March 1989 *TAS* column), said the other day: "Even Soviet militarists spend half on offense and half on defense." A Defense Department that cannot defend the mainland will naturally be looking for ways to keep busy—abroad. □

two for the price of one

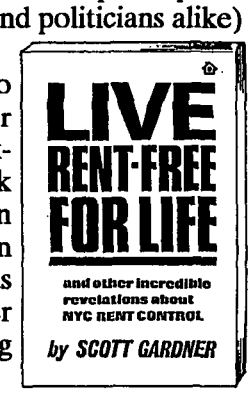
Hi:

Our name is Scott Gardner. We recently wrote a small book lampooning the bizarre absurdities of New York City's fifty year old Rent Control system. Readers have told us that our book, "*Live Rent-Free For Life,*" was so funny, it made them laugh out loud....sometimes through their tears. But just because we mercilessly poke satirical fun at this "temporary wartime measure," does not mean that we are unaware of the unique contribution rent control has made to our American way of life. This is the only system in effect today that combines the best features of the two major philosophical innovations of the Twentieth Century.

Rent control's ingenious solution to the city's chronic housing crisis is to turn landlords into persecuted scapegoats, echoing the "final solution" of Nazi totalitarianism. And by effectively confiscating private property, it mirrors the main thrust of Soviet Bolshevism. Now tell us, where else can you get two benefits like that for the price of one?

While many of our readers do indeed find rent control to be a laughing matter, we personally have found it even more ludicrous that so many still believe rent control is a humanitarian law. What other law in America forces business people to have their fate determined by a schizophrenic government agency assiduously dedicated to their economic destruction? And what other law is absolutely guaranteed to drive every one of its participants (landlords, tenants, bureaucrats and politicians alike) stark raving mad?

This book is so disturbing to the delicate sensibilities of our liberal brethren that most bookstores are literally afraid to stock it, although mail orders coming in from every State in the Union show that "*Live Rent-Free*" has struck a note of sanity. To order direct, send $11.95 (shipping included) to:



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Michael Ledeen

GOD IS ON OUR SIDE

How else to explain the blunders of Gorby, Saddam & Co. that keep saving us from the consequences of our own folly?

God protects the blind, the drunk, and the United States of America. This theological insight into international affairs has never been more apposite than nowadays, as we grope and stagger toward the New World Order. Rarely has any nation tried so hard to prevent itself from achieving serious objectives as the United States; and rarely has any nation achieved so much despite itself. God simply intervenes—usually by causing our enemies to save us. We would not have entered the Second World War in time to defeat the Axis had it not been for Japan's thoughtful attack on our fleet at Pearl Harbor, followed by Hitler's thoughtful declaration of solidarity with his honorary Asian Aryans. Throughout the Cold War, whenever we were on the verge of finlandization, the Soviets invariably shocked us out of our reverie, as with Leonid Brezhnev's providential march on Kabul just as Jimmy Carter was preparing to deliver the *coup de grace* to our national defense.

We are now beholden to Saddam Hussein and Mikhail Sergeyevich Gorbachev. These two determined men, with a singlemindedness verging on obsession, have thwarted our every effort to strengthen them and their nations, even when we were quite prepared to pay for it ourselves.

The Gorbachev case virtually defies rational explanation. He enchanted the Western world with little more than a sexy birthmark and a sparkling personality. His "program" of "reforming Communism" was patently absurd from the beginning. His own handpicked leaders for the satellites—from the forgettable Egon Krenz in East Germany to the defunct successors of Janos Kadar in Hungary—shriveled up like mushrooms in the first rays of post-Stalinist sunshine. Even today, six years after Gorbachev's seizure of power, there is not a hint of an economic policy that would withstand the scrutiny of randomly selected freshman scholars of Econ 101. No matter; he inspired awe, adulation, indeed mania, and he was crowned a Man of Peace despite the Tbilisi massacre, not to mention the killings of Armenians and Azerbaijanis. With the West in thrall, he was in a position to cash in: billions of deutschmarks from the gulled Germans, billions of francs from the enthusiastic French; and even promises of billions of yen from the hive in Japan. The big international financial institutions were talking in hushed tones of An Opening. And even John Sununu, the New England *philosophe*, traveled to Moscow for tutorials in How to Manage a Government in Modern Times.

So great was the enchantment that the steely-eyed Jim Baker determined that the top priority of American foreign policy was to Save Gorbachev. Baker was not prepared to match the largesse of the Bundesbank, but he offered currency of a diplomatic sort: a Soviet veto over American policy in Europe and the Middle East, and blind American support for most any Gorbachev policy at home. Thus, our actions were "coordinated" with those of the worthy Shevardnadze and Mikhail Sergeyevich, no matter how often the Soviets changed their line. They endorsed Baltic independence? So did we. They said, no, this is going too far, too fast? We agreed, and studiously refrained from embracing the brave Lithuanians, Estonians, and Latvians, even though we had never recognized the legitimacy of Soviet rule in the Baltics in the first place. And whatever the zigs and zags in domestic policy—whether Gorbachev endorsed central planning or promised to junk it, whether he called for more rapid privatization or proclaimed himself a convinced Communist—we liked it, we thought he was great, and we were going to support him.

And why not? For Gorbachev not only savaged the Soviet Empire, he also raced to our side in moments of need. He was the only world leader who sent a telegram to Ferdinand Marcos, congratulating him for "winning" the election against Cory Aquino. On the eve of a crucial Senate vote on contra aid, he approved a Nicaraguan invasion of contra camps in Honduras, thus winning a vote for the Gipper. Time and again, he took surprising steps that worked out in our favor.

So it was not surprising that we submitted our every diplomatic move in the Gulf crisis to the Kremlin for vetting. In the days of the Baker Shuttle, which took the secretary of state to virtually every Middle East capital (except Jerusalem), Shevardnadze and Gorbachev were constantly consulted. Indeed, one of the most dramatic acts in Gorbachev's death-defying circus took place just after Baker got Shevardnadze and Gorbachev to agree to the U.N. resolution authorizing the use of force against Iraq if Iraqi troops had not left Kuwait by January 15. It was against that backdrop that a new Soviet diplomat—Comrade Primakov—suddenly preempted Shevardnadze and began wheeling and dealing with Saddam Hussein. We can now recognize Primakov's emergence for what Shevardnadze undoubtedly knew it to be at the time: a signal of yet another change in Gorbachev's policy. No more Mr. Nice Guy, Gorbachev was going to try to save one of his last two outposts in the Middle East. (With the fall of Iraq, the closest thing he's got to a client state is Syria, and Hafez al-Assad is not your typical puppet.) At the same time, the Man of Peace, the Man of the Decade (as *Time* magazine had intoned), was going to toss peres-

Michael Ledeen is resident scholar at the American Enterprise Institute.

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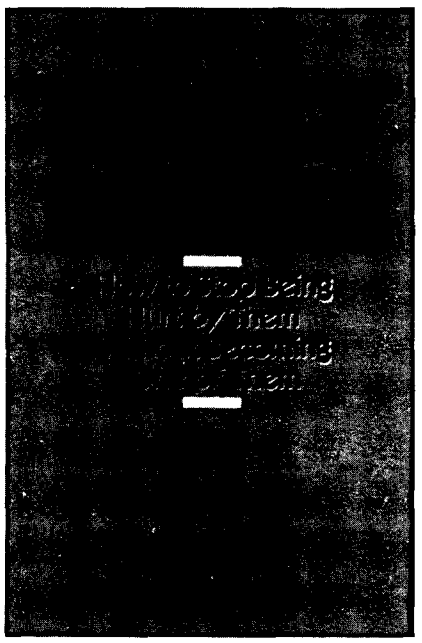
troika into the dustbin of history and go back to basics. Henceforth the Soviet Union was going to be run the old-fashioned way: by the KGB and the army. Shevardnadze resigned, both because he didn't like the way the domestic winds were blowing, and because he'd been cut out of the foreign policy action.

Swallowing our disappointment, we staggered good-naturedly onward, reassuring ourselves that Gorbachev was still with us. And, even when the evidence mounted that he really wasn't—the shipments to Iraq in contravention of the embargo, the repeated diplomatic demarches to save Saddam and get us off the battlefield, the snide remarks about our exceeding the limits of the U.N. mandate—we ignored it, and continued to consult with the Man of the Decade about the postwar Middle Eastern Order. The low point was finally reached when Baker was utterly hoodwinked by Shevardnadze's successor, Aleksandr Bessmertnykh, on the eve of Bush's State of the Union, and our man in Foggy Bottom signed on to yet another one of those dreadful joint statements that endorse the linkage we say we are firmly against.

All of this was an embarrassment—after all, one of the great things about the collapse of the Soviet Empire is that we don't have to worry about Soviets in the Middle East anymore—but no real damage was done, thanks almost entirely to Saddam. We gave him every chance to thwart us. Characteristically, we misdefined our objectives: instead of demanding Saddam's surrender and the dismantling of his facilities for weapons of mass destruction, we limited our mission to the expulsion of Iraqis from Kuwait. Saddam could have pulled out anytime before February 22, waved goodbye to our half million fighters, and then, with his military might intact, asserted his hegemony over the region. But he would have none of this cowardly strategy. Resolute in his convictions, he declined every possibility to turn the situation to his own advantage, leaving even the timorous Baker no option but war. Once the war had begun and the entire world could see that Iraq was doomed, he hunkered down, lobbed his Scuds from time to time, and ordered his nation to fight to the last Iraqi.

Just as Saddam left us no option but war, so Gorbachev, in the end, left us no option but to begin to deal with the new republics from the old USSR. Mikhail Sergeyevich employed just enough violence to inflame the Baltic peoples striving for democracy and independence, but not enough to achieve an effective repression. The resulting tumult simply makes it very difficult for Bush and Baker to stand loyally by his side. Despite their best efforts to the contrary, B&B don't want to be remembered for helping crush the democratic revolution in the Baltic states. So the diplomats from Vilnius, Tallinn, and Riga are at last getting a hearing in Washington. And Gorbachev's eleventh-hour efforts to save Saddam from George Bush may have providentially irked our President enough for him to start dealing with Soviet democrats—starting with Boris Yeltsin—as well.

Unfortunately, divine intervention has still not saved us from one of the truly horrific errors of recent history. Part of the "Save Gorbachev" movement was the notion that we should make it easier for him to get whatever kind of Western technology he wants, even if it has military applications. So people like Secretary Mosbacher at Commerce and the Fabulous Baker Boys at State started to dismantle the system of export controls that had been established by the Reagan Administration. No matter that the only part of Soviet industry capable of absorbing advanced technology was the military; and no matter that by selling to the Soviet bloc they automatically enabled the likes of Saddam to buy the stuff as well. Curiously, there was none of the usual indecision; they dismantled enthusiastic-



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ally . . . and disastrously. At last report, Mosbacher and Baker were preparing to decontrol Patriot technology (so the Soviets and their friends can use it against our planes and missiles in the next war), advanced night vision technology, and countless other goodies that the Soviets have been unable to develop by themselves.

When the war is over, there is bound to be a big investigation into "Who Sold Chemical/Biological/Nuclear Weapons to Saddam Hussein?" And the investigators are going to find that the Departments of State and Commerce, with only occasional resistance from the Pentagon, permitted Saddam to purchase an awesome amount of American technology for his evil projects. When told last summer that high-tech furnaces—which were destined to make missile warhead components—were about to be shipped to Baghdad, Under Secretary of Commerce Dennis Kloske pronounced the deal legal and legitimate. In the end, it took some non-government lawyers to point out that such shipments violated nuclear safeguards, and could be stopped on that basis. No thanks to Bush's guys.

Instead of recognizing their mistake and cutting off the torrent of technology to the Soviets and their friends, Bush's men have kept our wagon hitched to Gorbachev's flickering star. One can only hope that Congress moves quickly to stop this madness, or that our ally in paradise acts once again to save us from our own follies. It would be divine if Gorbachev's continued crackdowns, and the lessons learned from our adventures with Saddam Hussein, made it politically impossible even for the thoroughly enchanted secretary of state to compromise our technological advantage over the Soviets. If that miracle happens, the Saddams of this world will have a much tougher time becoming regional superpowers . . . and we won't have to go to war so often. □

Edward Norden

THE SIX-WEEK WAR

A war letter from Jerusalem.

D-day, February 24, was the day spring sprung in Israel, and also the day when the whole country seemed to hold its breath as it went about its business. Everyone was carrying a gas mask kit, and many had their Walkmans tuned to the non-stop news. After five weeks plus of the strangest war that Israelis had ever known, the Americans were moving on the ground against Saddam, and the reports, wrapped in disinformation, engendered queasiness and elation. Could the Americans, tortured by memories of Khe Sanh, hack it? The Tel Aviv stock market had no doubts—its index jumped 2.16 percent. Preoccupied, the country went to work and school as if this were just another day in the state of emergency. Hoping, sensing that this was the beginning of the happy ending, no one complained when Saddam sent over Scuds twice before dawn on the twenty-fifth.

Long before the end came into sight, by mid-February in fact, the Israelis had improvised a routine. They let themselves hope that Saddam had done his worst, that the most dangerous days and especially nights were history. The war correspondents were leaving, an encouraging sign. On the other hand, Scuds were still falling out of the sky, and if it was possible to put up with them, to live a more or less recognizable life, this was because there were fewer of the missiles than at the start of the war, a longer warning of their approach, and a good chance that they'd be intercepted.

The strangest part for the Israelis was that they were prevented from, or spared the need of, fighting back. Husbands, fathers, sons, brothers hadn't vanished, weren't mobilized. It was an unaccustomed, confusing position to be in, calling for a different kind of grit, evoking gratitude and also vexation as the war in which the Israelis were and were not participants went its way and the tally of homes blown apart and families being put up in hotels mounted. Think of it—if all those whose luck so far had held could concentrate on fighting for a parking space during the day, this was thanks chiefly to the USAF and RAF pilots scouring H-2 and H-3 for launchers, and if the nights were nervous but on the whole bearable, this was thanks to the Patriot missile batteries that had been rushed in, complete with their GI crews, and spotted around Tel Aviv.

In more ways than one, Israel boils down to Tel Aviv and its suburbs. Stun it, and you stun the Jewish state. That's one reason why Saddam targeted it. The first surprise of the war was not only that his rather crude toys could get through, but that a couple of barrages could inspire enough fear nearly to shut the city down. The Scuds were a throwback to the V-2. By the time the war was a week old, it was clear it would take the Allies a good deal longer to destroy them and the other machines of terror and destruction that they, along with the Soviets and Germans, had sold to Saddam. But now came the next surprise.

Israelis in the heart of the country showed that they could live with Scuds. Most of the Tel Avivians who after the first barrages had fled to Jerusalem or Eilat, taking their kids and credit cards with them, reappeared, a few sheepishly, the majority unapologetically. They were bucking the traffic again, they were back at work, and their kids—gas-mask kits in tow—were back at school.

This was, however, a normality that might go up in smoke at any moment. The Civil Defense was allowing pro basketball and soccer only in the afternoon, likewise only matinees of *Hamlet* at the Cameri Theatre, and the Peking restaurant was delivering more eggrolls by scooter than it was serving in-house. Jumping Tel Aviv was hobbling, because the best time for Saddam to pop more Scuds over the horizon was after dark. Until all his launchers were spiked, most Tel Avivians would subject themselves to a voluntary dusk-to-dawn curfew. The individuals you did see abroad at night were bus and ambulance drivers, dedicated barflies, women in curlers walking the dog, gentlemen who had survived the war in Europe and considered this a deluxe one indeed.

But in daylight, Tel Aviv was out and working. It had to be. The national economy, not to mention psyche, both of which were going to emerge from the war bruised, couldn't have taken another month like the first. The disruption would have forced the government to

Edward Norden is a writer living in Jerusalem.

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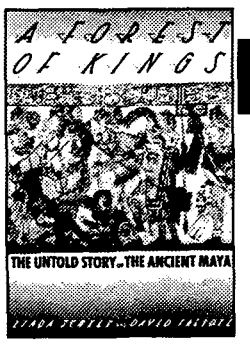

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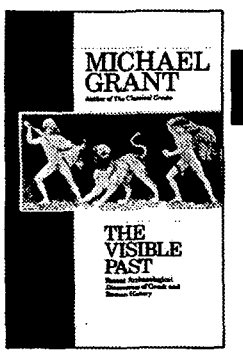

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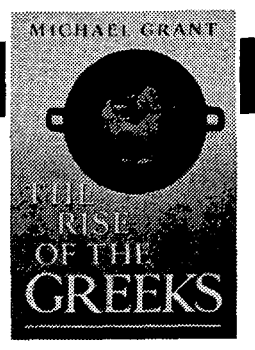

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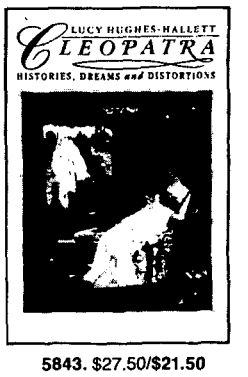

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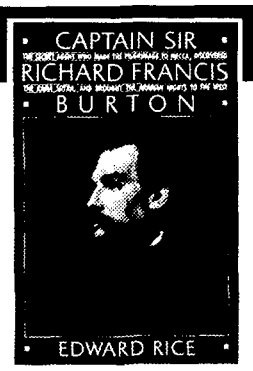

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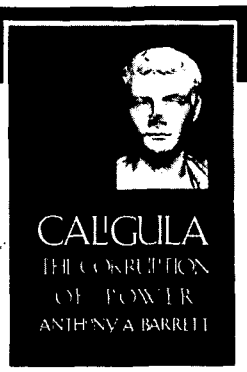

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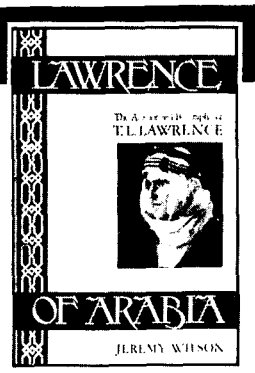

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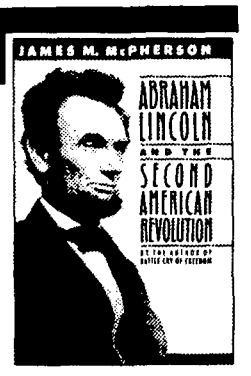

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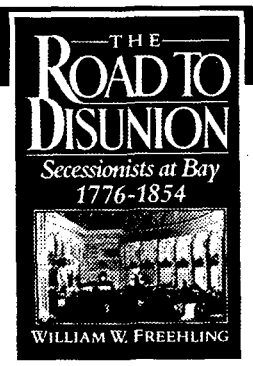

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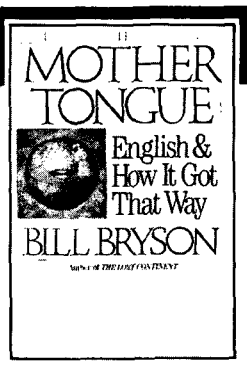

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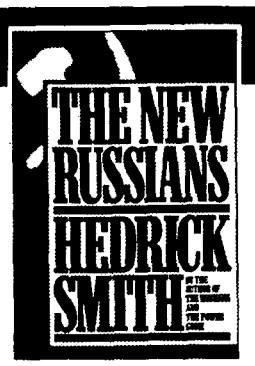

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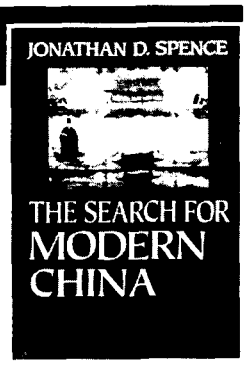

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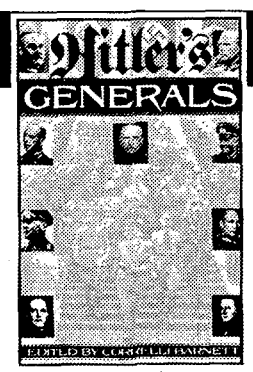

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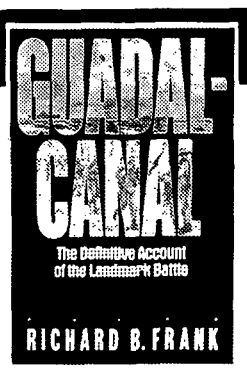

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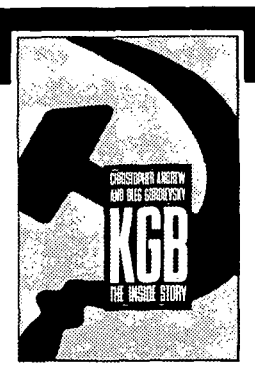

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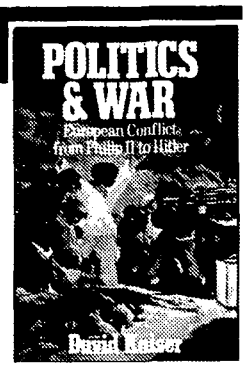

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forsake the low profile that had earned it worldwide praise and order the IAF to take out the launchers itself. It was thanks to the round-the-clock attention that Allied pilots were paying to "Scudinavia," and the capabilities of the marvelous Patriots, that the hawkish government could practice dove-like restraint and Tel Avivians wake up to the occasional 2:00 a.m. siren without their blood collectively freezing.

Just two questions nagged as hawks and doves waited for the booms: What if a Patriot malfunctioned? And what if Saddam, growing desperate, substituted chemicals for high explosives? Humans in such circumstances can't be expected to worry about the morality of carpet bombing or the accuracy of smart bombs. It was the rare Israeli who was bothered by the tonnage being dropped on troops in Kuwait and on Baghdad, sometimes on civilians. "Enough!" a committee demanding a ceasefire called itself. It got signatures from Communists, a scattering of doves, the octogenarian philosopher Yesheyahu Leibowitz. The war was useless and immoral, said the committee. Most Israelis, moved by their own emotions and making their own calculations, disagreed.

They felt that Saddam, his troops and, yes, his obedient people, deserved it—a middle-class Londoner sleeping in the subway half a century ago might have felt the same about Allied raids on Berlin. The ordinary Israeli figured that the more bombs, the more destruction and demoralization, and therefore the less trouble-making capacity the Iraqis would possess at war's end. Israelis blessed the Tomahawk missiles, Cobra gunships, and other terrible gadgets designed for use against the Soviets because these weapons might simplify an unavoidable push on the ground into Kuwait. As much as Americans, Israelis wanted American casualties kept low.

A parade of body bags could bring on a ceasefire and save Saddam's skin. Neither doves nor hawks here wanted to see him in charge in Baghdad at war's end, nor the Iraqi army uncrippled. And Israelis didn't want this war, from which the Jewish state had something to gain, to be waged and won at the cost of many Americans killed and wounded and the budding of an anti-Semitic legend. Was it a war for oil? Partly. Was it a war for the Jews? Hardly. Israelis of the hard-headed type said that American and Israeli interests had simply converged, and each country was playing its role, America doing the fighting and Israel, as Washington wished, staying out of it. Mystical Israelis announced that once again the enemy of the Jews had revealed himself as the enemy of mankind.

Among those demonizing Saddam were some of the doves. That was understandable. He, together with the Palestinians who cheered him on, had put them into an almost impossible bind. What was left of their pre-war analysis, their pre-Scud remedies? Most of them, after three years of *intifada*, had arrived at the point where cohabitation with the PLO looked plausible. They had set out to convince the Israeli man-in-the-street. Now, however, Saddam had forced all Israelis to don gas masks. Arafat had taken his side, and Palestinians in the occupied territories had climbed onto their roofs to celebrate. Many of the doves were shocked, humiliated, furious. Yossi Sarid, member of the Knesset from the Citizens' Rights Movement and an elder of the Peace Now lobby, in a series of speeches and articles, emotionally washed his hands of the Palestinians' national liberation movement.

Mystical Israelis announced that once again the enemy of the Jews had revealed himself as the enemy of mankind.

He was reproached for his sentimentality by doves who thought of themselves as tough. What else could you expect from the Palestinians after all their peace balloons were shot down by Shamir & Co.? For some doves, the PLO remained the prime enemy, therefore the only address, the only partner with whom peace could be made. The news was that there were many doves now, Sarid foremost, who had come around to the hawkish line—talks with the PLO were a delusion, the only realistic idea was a deal with dismal Syria or benighted Saudi Arabia, as part of which, so hoped the doves at least, their country's grip on the occupied territories could be loosened.

Without exception, the doves still believed that Israel should get out of the West Bank and Gaza Strip for its own good, the sooner the better. The Palestinians, the poor, stupid Palestinians, would still be there after the war, a stone tied around Israel's neck. They wouldn't migrate, and it was impolitic and immoral to kick them out. Therefore the Jews, the stronger party, must get out from under. The war was placing much in question but had left that bedrock of dovish faith untouched. Yet the doves didn't believe that they could ever bring their countrymen to see it their way. The U.S. alone could throw the required lightning bolts. So the doves blessed the B-52s and prayed that, after winning the war, the all-powerful Yanks would put the arm on Israel, at long last.

What the doves prayed for, the hawks, who also wanted Saddam wiped out, were already bracing against. The danger did loom that, energized by success, the Americans would try their hand as never before at solving the insoluble Arab-Israeli problem. It was a danger, not a certainty—it was also conceivable that the war would exhaust the Americans, and/or that the wiser heads in Washington, who understood that a steady flow of petroleum at affordable prices doesn't depend on reconciling Arabs and Israelis, would prevail. James Baker had spoken of a New Order and a quickened peace process, however. This put the hawks, i.e., the government, on guard.

The Jewish state had won glowing reviews for its restraint under fire. The hawks weren't fooled. Having made it to the top of the local greasy pole by elevating distrust to a principle, they were worried. A number of unappealing postwar scenarios crowded in upon the imagination as the war climaxed. For example, an international conference to pacify the Middle East once and for all, or the resurrection by the Americans of a sanitized PLO. Therefore, as discreetly and urgently as possible, the Israeli government was preparing its bill for services rendered, for turning the other cheek to Saddam and consenting to let the country be protected, not by Israel's own pilots, but by Americans.

The Israelis had made a habit of always fighting their own battles. They had never been free agents, of course, they couldn't always start wars preemptively or consummate them in decisive victory, yet when a war was on they fought it themselves, taking it quickly into enemy territory. This was the manly thing to do. It was also prudent, since a country that depended on others to kill and die for it could never know when they might get fed up. Only once had this principle or doctrine been finessed. That was in 1956, when the Israelis, British, and French colluded to attack Nasser. This time, however, the Israelis sat and did nothing, taking punishment on the home front while the Americans went about their work according to their own schedule. True, Israel had much to gain by letting the Americans systematically destroy the most powerful Arab army. Yet the memory of having sat by while they were hit was liable to sap the Israelis' own power to deter other Arabs —the Syrians, say—in the future.

Hence the possibility that the Israelis would do something before the war ended, maybe when the Marines tackled the Republican Guard. Therefore the crash program to perfect the *Hetz* (Arrow), an anti-missile missile likely to consign this generation of Patriots to the Smithsonian, and the *Ofek* (Horizon) spy satellite, which could spare Israel the need to beg for CIA pictures. Therefore also the bill being prepared for presentation to the Americans. The particulars weren't hard to guess. The Americans would be asked to pay for the beating Tel Aviv and the Israeli economy had suffered, as well as for the absorption of immigrants from the Soviet Union, a Zionist mission and humanitarian project that, it could be argued, fit into the scheme of a New Order. And if Bush and Baker insisted on a peace process, they should promise to go easy, eschewing all talk of an international conference where the Jewish state would effectively be in the dock, ignoring the PLO, and asking of Israel that it grant the Palestinians no more than autonomy, even if Hafez Assad or King Fahd did a Sadat and came to Jerusalem.

There was no telling whether such a bill would be paid. The only thing that might be certain was what was already obvious to the wise before the war—that a breakthrough in the Arab-Israeli feud could only come when the boss of an Arab state credibly sued for peace. This was the lesson taught by Sadat, and by Menachem Begin and the Knesset when they gave the Egyptian back the entire Sinai. It was still true: the Israelis could be shocked into withdrawing only by the juiciest of genuine carrots, wielded not by Americans but by Arabs.

The stick only caused the Israelis to dig their heels in. The Scuds, for example, which had half-emptied Tel Aviv when they first landed, far from proving to Israelis that the occupied territories were irrelevant and added nothing to their safety, had rendered the ordinary Israeli more wary. But where was the Arab king or dictator who was ready to travel Sadat's path? Sadat showed up in Jerusalem three years after winning what he could paint for his people as a famous victory over the Israeli Defense Forces at the Suez Canal. With Operation Desert Storm having moved into its final act, it was a good bet that it would take more than three years for the Arab street and campus to digest Saddam's defeat. With luck, many Arabs would ask the right question as they writhed with the pain—not why their hero had lost, but how it was that men of his type succeeded in ruling so many of them. □

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William Rosenau

WHO KILLED NICK BLAKE?

Returning to Guatemala in search of a friend's dead brother.

Dominated by rugged mountains and studded with volcanoes, blessed with near-perfect weather and hospitable inhabitants, Guatemala was once a mecca for prosperous gringo pleasure-seekers. By the late 1970s, however, a Cuban-backed guerrilla insurgency and massive human rights violations by the military put an end to upscale Yanqui tourism. To the disgust of most Guatemalans, the North American and European bourgeoisie were replaced by penny-pinching hippies and guerrilla-groupie activists from the United States, Germany, and Sweden.

But relative calm has returned in the past three years. Civilian rule seems firmly in place; in January, Jorge Antonio Serrano became the country's new democratically elected president. Affluent tourists have begun to trickle back, lured by the promise of colorful Indians, the wonders of Lake Atitlan, and massive Mayan ruins.

It was not these charms, however, but a remnant of the bad old days, that brought me to Guatemala. In 1985, Nick Blake, an American journalist working for the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, disappeared and was apparently murdered while searching for guerrillas in Huehuetenango, a remote "conflicted" region in the country's western highlands. His younger brother Sam has been down to Guatemala nearly twenty times in the last five years, and I accompanied him during his most recent trip.

The "Blake Case" is hardly typical of the human-rights abuses that plagued the country during the 1980s. For one thing, Nick Blake was one of the few North American reporters killed in the course of the government's counterinsurgency campaign; for another, his family had enough pull with then-Vice President George Bush to get the State Department to launch a massive investigation.

Jorge I. Dominguez, a professor of government at Harvard and a prominent Latin Americanist, warned me about Guatemala before I left. We were sitting around his office, telling horror stories about Central America. El Salvador, we agreed, was kind of tranquil. Guatemala, I told him, impressed me as genuinely scary—the sinister cars with tinted windows, the guns, the police. Even the airport, with its skulking, chain-smoking officials, was vaguely menacing.

Dominguez had visited Guatemala in 1982, during the dictatorship of Gen. Efrain Rios Montt. He said that, as he went through customs at the airport, "they saw on my passport that I was born in Cuba. The police took me into a side room, searched me, and photographed me." The authorities eventually let him go, he said. If they'd do that to a Harvard professor, what would they do to me the next time I showed up in the country?

Nothing, as it turned out. The chain-smokers were still hanging around customs, but they didn't seize anybody. In fact, the airport looked a little better than the last time I had been there. The grim corridor we shuffled through had been redecorated with large, improbable photos of grinning Indians and other citizens of the Guatemalan "fatherland," as the official literature calls it.

The Camino Real Hotel, our base of operations, sits in the heart of Zona 10, the "nice" part of Guatemala City. Everybody who's anybody in Guatemala hangs out here, and a steady stream of Jeep Wagoneers, BMWs, and large vans with tinted windows flows up to its doors. Speed bumps and other obstacles have guarded the entrance ever since some terrorists half-heartedly tossed a hand grenade into the lobby a while ago.

The U.S. State Department insists that the army has loosened its vise-grip on Guatemala, but to judge from the phalanxes of officers who frequent the Camino, they remain a powerful force. "We had elections because the military allowed it," one former student leader told me. The army, he said, is the country's best-run and most efficient institution, "with its own banks, which are very profitable. It can run anything. They have experience."[1] Yet there's no doubt that the military has changed since the early 1980s, when it massacred thousands of Indians in an effort to "dry up the sea in which the guerrilla fish were swimming." Guatemala's last president, Vinicio Cerezo, "ran rings around the military," according to a Western diplomatic source. Serrano, having replaced "Vinicio" (like Fidel, he's known universally by his first name), "will realize that the military can be controlled."

Gen. Hector Gramajo, the recently retired defense minister, is often cited as an example of the new military. For one thing, he's not afraid to mention the words "human rights," and he freely admitted to me that mistakes had been made during Guatemala's military rule.

Gramajo also repeatedly mentioned the importance of maintaining civilian control of the military. Such talk delights the State Department, which sees the general as a civilized Latin the United States can work with. But Gramajo's sentiments also make him a dangerous "liberal" among the country's army officers—as does the fact that he's at Harvard's Kennedy School of Government on a year-long fellowship paid for by the gringos. He is equally suspect among U.S. human-rights organizations, for whom Guatemala and its armed forces remain a locus of evil. As Americas Watch chairman Robert J. Bernstein told the *New York Times* last December, "I think Harvard is possibly being used to improve the image of a man who has a lot to explain."

After five years of meetings with U.S. officials and Guatemalan army officers, trips to the country's western highlands, government-to-government meetings, forensic expeditions, FBI probes, and the interrogation of witnesses, suspects, and informants, the Blakes have concluded that Nick was murdered by members of the civil patrol in the remote village of El Llano,

William Rosenau is coordinator of research for the National Security Program of the John F. Kennedy School of Government, Harvard University.

[1]The *Banco del Ejercito* is one such army financial institution, with branches all over the capital.

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on the border between the departments of Huehuetenango and El Quiche.

In March 1985, Blake wound up in El Llano during his search for the Guerrilla Army of the Poor (EGP), one of the country's four guerrilla factions. The patrols, organized by the army as part of its thirty-year counterinsurgency campaign, were made up of poorly armed and trained Indians. Blake and journalist Griff Davis had passed through half a dozen patrols by the time they reached El Llano.

But there something went wrong, and they never made it to El Quiche. Initially, their friends and family were led to believe by the U.S. Embassy and the Guatemalan High Command that the EGP had murdered them. (According to Sam Blake, these suspicions angered Americas Watch, which argued that the military must have killed the journalists. "Ever since then, Americas Watch has hated us," he says.)

The guerrillas had nothing to do with the murders. Two years after their disappearance, an informant who had lived in the village came forward. Blake and Davis, said the informant, were taken away from the village by the local patrol, and searched. "They were not happy to see the North Americans," according to the informant's deposition. "A patrolman called 'Polo' shot one of the North Americans, killing him immediately. When the other American saw what was happening, he tried to communicate by radio. . . . He was then shot and killed by Vicente Cifuentes." Later, as pressure from the U.S. and Guatemalan authorities mounted, the remains apparently were exhumed and burned in an attempt to eradicate any trace of them.

Although it's clear who pulled the trigger—amazingly, the Blakes have a photo of Cifuentes—no remains have been found. At this point, the Blakes have no particular interest in seeing the men responsible brought to trial—in Guatemala, that's impossible, anyway. As a U.S. Embassy chronology of the case puts it, "The family seeks only bones, not justice."

"It's easy to come down here and dump on Guatemala," says a Western diplomat. "But the place *is* evil. There is an air of violence, bodies are everywhere. But nothing ever gets done about it." The Guatemalan police almost never collect evidence, track down witnesses, or carry out any other aspect of a criminal investigation.

Many are outright criminals themselves. Last May, police chief Geovanni Valerion Cardenas announced that 150 policemen had been arrested for rape, torture, and other "delinquent acts" during the previous year. The head of the department's Office of Personnel Responsibility was one of those detained, according to Cardenas.[2]

When the police aren't raping, they're busy gunning down street urchins and razing shantytowns. Last summer, for instance, an anti-riot platoon showed up at a dump in Zona 3 to evict some 500 families from their pitiful nylon-and-cardboard shacks. The police burned down a few huts and sent a handful of people to the hospital. According to a Guatemalan press account, "Over 600 children, many of them still nursing, as well as 75 dogs and hundreds of adults, were left in the streets."

While the Guatemalan supreme court has taken many risks to consolidate civilian democratic rule, most notably barring Gen. Rios Montt from last November's elections, the rank-and-file judiciary is unimpressive. Lawyers with brains refuse judgeships, preferring the more lucrative world of private practice, with the result that judges are drawn from the dregs of the Guatemalan legal community. Harvard Law School Professor Phillip B. Heymann, who had been running a U.S. Agency for International Development program to reform the judiciary, gave up in disgust last summer.

"There was a wave of killings last August carried out by the security forces, and they were unmistakably not investigated by the Guatemalan legal authorities." Heymann told the justice minister that if no investigation was pursued, he and his group would leave. "And they didn't investigate, so we left."

In the absence of legal means for settling disputes, Guatemalans from all walks of life rely on machetes and firearms. "People will kill you, and they'll get off," said the diplomat. "This is West of the Pecos, like the United States in the 1840s, where everyone carries a gun." Another Western diplomat, chuckling nervously, joked that unnamed Guatemalans might "get him" for all the rash statements he's made about the country's military officers and politicians over the years.

Given this mania for violence, it seems naive for human rights groups to insist that every student and "activist" who turns up dead was killed for political reasons. For one thing, students in Guatemala, as in the rest of the Third World, are students until they graduate—and most of them never do. (Think of the militant "students" who seized the U.S. Embassy in Tehran.) There are plenty of 40-year old students running around San Carlos and other universities, and there are lots of opportunities for them to get involved in drug trafficking, petty jealousies, car theft, and other intrigues.[3]

North American liberals, members of "faith-based" organizations, ex-Sandalistas, and hippies continue to romanticize Guatemalans—particularly if those Guatemalans happen to be Indians. As one American expatriate explained, "The liberals who come down here are denying the humanness of the Indians. They don't want them to have TVs, washing machines. They want them to keep sitting in the dirt, selling their tortillas."

The Indians so revered by American liberals and the Euro-left are themselves incredibly primitive, as John L. Stephens, the U.S. Minister to Central America, illustrated a hundred and fifty years ago in his fuddy-duddy, high-Victorian masterpiece *Incidents of Travel in Central America, Chiapas and Yucatan*. After attending a public flogging in the all-Indian town of Santo Tomas, he noted that the abolishment of this cruel and unusual punishment had been "one of the reforms instituted by the Central government of Guatimala [sic]. The Liberal party had abolished this remnant of barbarity; but within the last month, at the wish of the Indians themselves . . . new whipping-posts had been erected in all the villages."

Even today, the Indians have a high tolerance for brutality, even amongst themselves. Some of those the army killed were thugs and criminals, and the Indians, for the most part, suffer no qualms about their removal. They are among the biggest supporters of Gen. Rios Montt, during whose 1982-83 dictatorship the army massacred thousands of people. A Western diplomat describes Rios Montt—an ordained preacher in the "Church of Word," a California-based evangelical sect—as "a nut, a religious nut." Nut or not, he strictly enforced law and order while in charge, and most Guatemalans were grateful to be able to walk the streets safely at night. Many told me that, if the supreme court had permitted his candidacy, Rios Montt, not Serrano, would have been inaugurated in January.

"It's easy to come down here and dump on Guatemala," says a Western diplomat. "But the place *is* evil. There is an air of violence, bodies are everywhere."

The area around Lake Atitlan, a few hours' drive from Guatemala City, is a good place to look at Indians and hippies. The lake is stunning. No one has described it better than Stephens:

> From a height of three or four thousand feet, we looked down upon a surface shining like a sheet of molten silver, enclosed by rocks and mountains of every form . . . rising from five hundred to five thousand feet in height. . . . It was the most magnificent spectacle we ever saw.

High above Atitlan sits the Indian town of Solola; next to the lake is Panajachel, a once-quaint community overrun by buses, knick-knack shops—and hippies, most of them blond and apparently German. Their goal seems to be to try and spend as little money as the "natives," which infuriates the locals, who depend on their hard currency for their livelihood. Sam and I, freely acknowledging our hopelessly gringo lineage, tore into bloody Uruguayan steaks and swilled Gallo ("rooster"), the Guatemalan national beer. Knapsacks, sandles, and baggy purple unisex pants passed by as we feasted.

Back in Guatemala City, we learn that a trip the embassy had arranged to San Marcos, a department along the Mexican border, has been scrubbed. Guatemalans are growing more and more opium poppies out there, and for the last couple of years the U.S. Drug Enforcement Agency has been spraying plants with the herbicide Roundup. Mexican narcos are the masterminds behind the poppy business, although Guatemala's home-grown guerrillas appear to be involved in the trade as well. On half a dozen occasions, poppy farmers have shot at DEA crop-dusters, and the DEA sends helicopters armed with large-caliber machine guns to protect them.

Sam decides to do some more work on the Blake case. Last July, Guatemalan and U.S. officials went to El Llano on a fruitless search for remains. Members of the civil patrol were questioned, but "no new information" was gained, according to the embassy chronology. Nevertheless, Sam meets with Ambassador Thomas Strook and his deputies. The embassy has met with every Guatemalan remotely connected with the case, Ambassador Strook says, and there is nothing else the embassy can do. It's time to get out of Guatemala. □

[2] The U.S. Justice Department, in an effort to reform the police, is trying to train them in modern investigative techniques. Human rights groups, including Americas Watch, say this will lead to more repression.

[3] The vast number of cars in Guatemala with U.S. plates—mostly from places like Texas and California—attests to the size of the car-theft problem.

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Algis Valiunas

A GROUND WAR FOR ALL TIME: CHURCHILL'S FORGOTTEN MASTERPIECE

In the despair following World War I, *The World Crisis* restored the politics of national interest to its rightful place.

I

Carnage on an unprecedented scale was the salient feature of the First World War, and the writing on that carnage is largely responsible for the modern disgust not only with war but also with politics in general. Yet almost no one reads the writer who described the war's devastation most movingly and who discerned its causes most clearly: Winston Churchill's masterpiece *The World Crisis* is virtually unknown.[1] Churchill knew everything about the war's horror that the other writers knew, but he rejected their conclusions: for him, the war did *not* mean the death of political life as men had previously known it. In examining the political and military failures that were responsible for the slaughter and in suggesting how prudence might have averted disaster, Churchill reasserted the dignity of the political life, which the war had made men regard as ignominious, unnatural, and mad.

To read the war writings of Remarque, Barbusse, Sassoon, Robert Graves, Wilfred Owen, and Ford Madox Ford is to plunge far deeper into the world's horror than one has likely ever been, and to know that the pressure of such depths threatens to crush all that one hopes to be durably fine in himself, all that one trusts would see him through the hardest trial. It is a literature that overcomes one with physical horror, that compels one to imagine the innumerable ways in which a man's body can be broken. The world it presents seems more thickly populated with corpses and human fragments than with actual living men. Taken in stiff doses, these writings induce an acute and morbid awareness of human existence as simply that of soft objects in a world full of much harder and sharper ones. Every inch of the body seems designed as a potential site for affliction, as though eyes were made to be blinded, limbs to be splintered, genitals to be sheared away. As for mind and spirit, they seem to exist chiefly to intensify the body's agony.

The literature of the Great War is full of brute facts about men who die like beasts. Siegfried Sassoon sees a soldier in his death throes "flapping along the fire-step like a fish . . ." Hemingway's Frederic Henry reviles the obscenity of abstract words like glory, honor, courage: "The things that were glorious had no glory and the sacrifices were like the stockyards at Chicago if nothing was done with the meat except to bury it." To Paul Bäumer, the narrator of *All Quiet on the Western Front*, the sight of a hospital crammed with the wounded nullifies all that European civilization had achieved: "How senseless is everything that can ever be written, done, or thought, when such things are possible. It must be all lies and of no account when the culture of a thousand years could not prevent this stream of blood being poured out, these torture-chambers in their hundreds of thousands. A hospital alone shows what war is."

To inhabit a world where only crippling or death puts an end to relentless fear permanently alters the soldier's moral understanding. The reasons his rulers adduce for requiring his attendance at their quarrel, the noble sentiments that might have surged through him as he stepped forth to do his part, belong to a world of illusion, and lie immeasurably far from the ultimate reality of war: the physical facts of mayhem and death, and one's fear of them. Devotion, glory, king, country, justice: these are the phantasms of a public life that is founded upon unreality, the pernicious visions of nationwide hallucination. War teaches the two things one must know about them: they are meaningless, and they can get you killed.

Fear and horror abridge the moral lexicon to the single, paradoxically nihilistic, word *life*—nihilistic, because if nothing else is so important as life itself, then there is nothing that one will not do to preserve it. As life is the thing of supreme value, then courage must be a vice, the nation that instructs its men to risk death for its sake is hopelessly rotten, and fear that compels a man to save his life at all costs is the highest of sentiments. If political life is insane, one can hope only to survive this particular outbreak of it, then make his getaway into the burrow of his strictly private concerns, from which neither duty nor honor nor country can ever hope to ferret him out again. The life of nations is purposeless mass death; only by removing himself from it can a man truly hope to live. The war's horror provoked a general withdrawal from—indeed, revulsion at—the public life, as one discovers in the writings of Ford Madox Ford, Robert Graves, and Wyndham Lewis. The war's devastation also inspired men to imagine a universal brotherhood of socialism that would forever spell an end to international discord, as one finds in the careers of Sassoon, Graves (in yet another mood), and the French novelist Henri Barbusse.

The poems, novels, and memoirs of frontline soldiers of the Great War dwell almost exclusively upon the purposelessness of individual suffering, and have erected a public memorial to the death of national politics. In his essay "Inside the Whale" (1940), George Orwell observed that most of the writings that came out of World War I were

> the records of something completely meaningless, a nightmare happening in a void. That was not actually the truth about the war, but it was the truth about the individual reaction. The soldier advancing into a machine-gun barrage or standing waist-deep in a flooded trench knew only that here was an appalling experience in which he was all but helpless. He was likelier to make a good book out of his helplessness and ignorance than out of a pretended

[1] *The World Crisis* is out of print. The most recent edition was issued by Scribner's in the 1950s.

Algis Valiunas is a writer living in Chicago.

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power to see the whole thing in perspective.

The trouble is that the truth about the individual reaction has eclipsed the truth about the war. The helplessness of the common soldier *becomes* "the whole thing in perspective." According to this view, to suffer in war without understanding why is to acquire the most profound understanding of war—indeed, of political life. To address matters of stategic import, to study war as the extension of politics by other means, is to overlook the ultimate truth of war, which is to be discerned only in the fear, anguish, physical agony, and political disaffection of the men who know it best.

II

Churchill is an exemplar of the political life that the Great War is alleged to have repudiated forever. He renders the war as nightmare but also makes clear that the nightmare did not take place in a void. While he recognizes the truth of the soldier's story—as a battalion commander in France, he was beloved by his men and renowned for his fearlessness—he knows it is a fragmentary truth. The soldier's story is the heart of his history, but his own greater understanding informs it. *The World Crisis* celebrates the Allied triumph—especially the British part in it—but mourns the European tragedy. The history is decidedly partisan, leaving no doubt that the right side won, yet it is withering in its appraisal of both sides' folly. The spectacle takes place under a pitiless emotional overcast that is relieved by only the rarest glimmers of magnificence. The virtues that Churchill honors as pre-eminent are, awfully, those of the men who were smashed in the general wreckage. It is above all to demonstrate how the chronic infirmity of political and military command made them suffer as they did that Churchill writes this history. He knows well that their agony eats away at the foundations of public life; upon the correct understanding of their terrible fate hinges the political future of Great Britain, indeed of Europe.

Reflecting upon the diplomatic mishandling of crucial events that led up to the war, the sclerotic orthodoxies of military strategy that dragged the war out to its murderous immensity, the shameless demagoguery that assured that the peace would be odious to victors and vanquished alike, Churchill maintains the focus continually upon the soldiers who slogged on to no apparent end. His history pinpoints the controlling forces that ordinary soldiers' memoirs tend to consider some vague malignity inherent in the life of nations. Apportioning the responsibility for disaster among the political and military leaders of both sides, he demystifies and disperses the pall of evil that the cataclysm has cast over the very idea of nationality.

Churchill is intimate with the physical horror and the mental torment that the common soldiers' memoirs are full of. In May 1917, shortly after writing the obituary in the *Times* of a friend killed in action (Valentine Fleming, the father of spy novelist Ian Fleming), he poured forth his anguish in a letter to his wife: "Never for a moment does the thought of this carnage & ruin escape my mind. . . ." His mind has a grip on the war's abominations, and he devotedly considers how best to dispatch them.

In *The World Crisis*, the sight of the dead and dying, however movingly described, is not so much cause for mourning as it is a goad to resolute action. As one entrusted with the conduct of war—Churchill served as First Lord of the Admiralty from 1911 until the failure of the Dardanelles campaign in 1915, and during the final year of the war was Minister of Munitions—Churchill thought above all of how to keep more soldiers from ending up dead.

The nation that instructs its men to risk death for its sake is hopelessly rotten, and fear that compels a man to save his life at all costs is the highest of sentiments.

On May 9, 1915, as the second battle in the Dardanelles campaign was taking place, Churchill spent the day on the Western Front, where an Allied attack against the Aubers Ridge was being hurled back:

> On the evening of this day I witnessed also the hideous spectacle of a large casualty clearing station in the height of a battle. More than 1,000 men suffering from every form of horrible injury, seared, torn, pierced, choking, dying, were being sorted according to their miseries into the different parts of the Convent at Merville. At the entrance the arrival and departure of the motor ambulances, each with its four or five shattered and tortured beings, was incessant; from the back door corpses were being carried out at brief intervals to a burying party constantly at work. One room was filled to overflowing with cases not worth sending any further, cases whose hopelessness excluded them from priority in operations. Other rooms were filled with "walking wounded" all in much pain, but most in good spirits. For these a cup of tea, a cigarette, and another long motor journey were reserved. An unbroken file of urgent and critical cases were pressed towards the operating room, the door of which was wide open and revealed as I passed the terrible spectacle of a man being trepanned. Everywhere was blood and bloody rags. Outside in the quadrangle the drumming thunder of the cannonade proclaimed that the process of death and mutilation was still at its height.

Drawing the carnage of war with broader, swifter strokes than writers like Remarque and Barbusse use, Churchill nevertheless conveys the effect of mass suffering that is infernal in its intensity. Ever in his mind is the reason for suffering on such a scale: the particular failures of military and political leadership. The scene that he draws is one of reason doing what it can in a bloody shambles, and it implicitly remarks what reason has failed to do: the icy clinical reasonableness that sorts the hopelessly wounded from those who have a chance of survival is a cruel necessity, but the irrational command that sent the men at German machine-guns was needless cruelty. Churchill laments the hopelessness of this assault upon an enemy "almost equal in strength, intensely fortified, and fully prepared."

The war on the Eastern Front, which resulted in the destruction of the Hapsburg, Hohenzollern, and Romanov dynasties, inspires this horrified dirge:

> . . . all were defeated; all were stricken; everything that they had given was given in vain. The hideous injuries they inflicted and bore, the privations they endured, the grand loyalties they exemplified, all were in vain. Nothing was gained by any. They floundered in the mud, they perished in the snowdrifts, they starved in the frost. Those who survived, the veterans of countless battle-days, returned, whether with the laurels of victory or tidings of disaster, to homes engulfed already in catastrophe.
>
> We may make our pictures of this front from Napoleon's campaigns. Hard and somber war; war of winter; black and barren regions; long marches forward and back again under heavy burdens; horses dying in the traces; wounded frozen in their own blood; the dead uncounted, unburied; the living pressed again into the mill. Eylau; Aspern; Wagram; Borodino; the Beresina—all the sinister impressions of these names revive, divested of their vivid flash of pomp, and enlarged to a hideous size. Here all Central Europe tore itself to pieces and expired in agony, to rise again, unrecognizable.

For the Central Powers, Russia, and the Balkans, the heroic sacrifices of millions really did amount to pointless slaughter, since the nations in whose names men died were themselves smashed, in "the most mournful conflict of which there is record." With this depiction of utter woe, of total defeat even on the so-called victors' part, Churchill draws a harsh political lesson for those Englishmen who taught that the war had meant the loss of everything they valued: there is loss, and there is loss. The horror of the battlefield might not be the worst of it. No loss exceeds in cruelty the ruin of one's country.

Unless it is the damage done to an entire civilization. The foremost object of Churchill's contemplation is the injuries "wrought to the structure of human society which a century will not efface, and which may conceivably prove fatal to the present civilization." That things should have gone as wrong as they did required a concatenation of imbecilic schemes and feckless actions that is perhaps unrivaled in the history of human folly. Fortune seemed to abet the worst in human character. Men who by temperament were capable of doing the most harm regularly found themselves in circumstances where they could pursue disaster virtually unimpeded.

Part of Churchill's story is the tragedy of far-seeing intelligence, most notably but not only his own, outranked by short-sightedness. His history recounts not only the war that was actually fought, but also the war as it ought to have been fought. The principal opponents seem not so much the Allies and the Central Powers, as men of prudence and men of imprudence. Churchill uses *prudence* in the Machiavellian sense to mean the ability of the political mind to use whatever means is required to gain a desired end; its primary characteristic is foresight. He also uses *prudence* in its more common and limited meaning of "care" or "circumspection." There are cases in which prudence in the limited sense might be imprudence in the larger sense; the Great War is notable for the wealth of instances it provides of imprudence of all sorts.

Although Churchill writes brilliantly of the origins of the war—he treats Kaiser Wilhelm, Count Berchthold, and von Moltke with superb contempt—it is war itself that commands his greatest powers. The misunderstanding of the strength of modern weaponry was the war's signal tragedy, as General Joffre's failures in the early going demonstrate:

> It was for the tactical sphere that General Joffre and his school of "young Turks," as they came to be called in France, had reserved their crowning mistakes. The French Infantry marched into battle conspicuous on the landscape in their red breeches and blue coats; their Artillery Officers in black and gold were even more sharply defined targets. The doctrine of the Offensive, raised to the height of a religious frenzy, animated all ranks, and in no rank was restrained by any foreknowledge of the power of magazine rifles and machine-guns. . . . Everywhere along the battle front, whenever Germans were seen, the signal was given to charge. . . . Though the Germans invaded, it was more often the French who attacked. Long swathes of red and blue corpses littered the stubble fields. The collision was general along the whole battle front, and there was a universal recoil. In the mighty

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battle of the Frontiers, the magnitude and terror of which is scarcely now known to British consciousness, more than 300,000 Frenchmen were killed, wounded, or made prisoners.

The antithesis between Churchill's esteem for the troops and his contempt for their commanders is a prominent feature of his history:

That the French Army should have survived this frightful butchery, the glaring miscalculations which caused it, and the long harassed retreats by which it was attended, and yet should have retained the fighting qualities which rendered a sublime recovery possible, is the greatest proof of their martial fortitude and devotion which history will record. Had this heroic army been handled in the First Shock with prudence, on a wise strategic scheme, and with practical knowledge of the effects of modern firearms and the use of barbed wire and entrenchments, there is no reason to doubt that the German invasion could have been brought to a standstill after suffering enormous losses within from thirty to fifty kilometres of the French frontiers. Instead, as events were cast, the French Army in the first few weeks of the war received wounds which were nearly fatal, and never curable.

Although one might expect Joffre's adherence to "the doctrine of the Offensive" to be a misjudgment unique in its monstrosity, it is in fact but one instance of devotion to a belief professed ardently, widely, and tenaciously. In the opening weeks of the war, the Austrians, like the French, hurled "precipitate offensives" straight into machine-gun fire that nearly destroyed their army. Yet their suffering was insufficiently severe to dissuade them, and others, from trying again and again. In December 1914, Churchill wrote to the prime minister, Lord Asquith, that the contending armies were deadlocked in the west, "that the position of both armies is not likely to undergo any decisive change—although no doubt several hundred thousand men will be spent to satisfy the military mind on the point."

The suspicion of idiocy was accurate, the estimate of the havoc it would cause, too benign. "*Je les grignotte*," Joffre declared of his strategic intentions; while the French were nibbling away, however, they were being chewed to bits. In 1915,

the destructive stupidity of the early fighting was eclipsed by the insensate obstinacy and lack of comprehension which, without any large numerical superiority, without adequate artillery or munitions, without any novel mechanical method, without any pretence of surprise or manoeuvre, without any reasonable hope of victory, continued to hurl the heroic but limited manhood of France at the strongest entrenchments, at uncut wire and innumerable machine-guns served with cold skill.

The French and British offensive at Loos in September 1915, conceived by Joffre, was an extravaganza of imbecility; the cavalry was actually called up "to press the victory to a decisive conclusion," but its presence managed only to give the fiasco—an inconsequential advance that cost 500,000 casualties—an unendurable goofiness.

Although Sir John French, Commander of the British Army in France, lost his command for his part in that defeat, his successor, General Haig, was to surpass him in folly and destruction.

Men who by temperament were capable of doing the most harm regularly found themselves in circumstances where they could pursue disaster virtually unimpeded.

Like Joffre, Haig was certain that the Western Front was, throughout the entire war, the decisive theater, and he intended to win there by killing Germans in a war of attrition. Unfortunately, when he and Joffre plotted their decisive attack in July 1916, they chose the Somme, "the strongest and most perfectly defended position in the world."

His colleague Sir William Robertson, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, "drifted ponderously," with the same lamentable result. Against the protestations of Lloyd George, who could complain but not command, Robertson urged the great offensive at Passchendaele in the autumn of 1917, which was to become "a forlorn expenditure of valour and life without equal in futility." Robertson wrote to Haig that he could not say for certain why they were doing what they were doing but that he nevertheless considered it the thing to do. " 'I confess I stick to it more because I see nothing better, and because my instinct prompts me to stick to it, than because of any good argument by which I can support it.' These are terrible words when used to sustain the sacrifices of nearly four hundred thousand men."

III

Churchill's criticism of the doctrine of the Offensive, a criticism that informed his own action throughout the war, is bitter, eloquent, and incontrovertible. He subjects the "assertions and theories of the military schools of the three great belligerents to a blood test as pitiless as that to which [they] doomed their valiant soldiers." His scrutiny of the casualty lists published after the war bears out his conviction that the war of attrition was a hopeless monstrosity.

Although the British and French staffs, like the German, had the habit of claiming that their offensives hurt the enemy more than they did the attacking army, the opposite was the case. The French took the worst of it. "During the whole war the Germans never lost in any phase of the fighting more than the French whom they fought, and frequently inflicted double casualties upon them." In Joffre's offensives of 1915, the French suffered 1,300,000 casualties, and inflicted 506,000; however, even when the French were on the defensive, which for them was the occasion for counter-attack, they took losses at a rate of at least 3 to 2. The British fared better, though badly all the same. When the Germans attacked them, the Germans took the heavier losses; however, "in all the British offensives the British casualties were never less than 3 to 2, and often nearly double the corresponding German losses." The British strategy was a war of attrition, "but it was on our own side that its ravages fell, and not on the German." "If we lose three or four times as many officers and nearly twice as many men in our attack as the enemy in his defense, how are we wearing him down? The result of every one of these offensives was to leave us relatively weaker—and in some cases terribly weaker—than the enemy."

For Haig and Robertson, who basked in the certainty that perseverance in the war of attrition finally wore the Germans down, Churchill has a mordant retort. "It was [the Germans'] own offensive, not ours, that consummated their ruin. They were worn down not by Joffre, Nivelle and Haig, but by Ludendorff." What ruined the Germans was their ruthless advances in France during the spring and early summer of 1918. Unfortunately for them, they were most ruthless to themselves. Thanks to the suicidal Allied efforts at Passchendaele, the Germans enjoyed an immense manpower advantage, and they seemed to be winning victories that spelled the end for the Allies. In fact, the Germans, "mown down in heaps" as they attacked, were sealing their own doom. The battle of Arras in late March and early April 1918 was commonly considered a German victory, but Churchill calls it a defeat. For the first time since Ypres in 1914, the Germans lost two soldiers for every British one, three officers for every British two. Their vaunted success consisted in recapturing the ravaged battlefields that they had held and lost the year before.

With the Allied defeat at Passchendaele, the collapse of Russia, the German-Austrian victory at Caporetto that all but defeated Italy, the Germans had an opportunity to begin negotiating for peace. The opportunity was a brief one: the Americans had declared war, and, when they arrived, the German advantage would be gone. By returning Alsace-Lorraine to France, by withdrawing from Belgium, the Germans might have secured their huge gains in Russia, cut their losses, and brought an end to the slaughter. However, with Ludendorff in command, the military had gained ascendancy over the Kaiser, and the military was incapable of the comprehensive understanding which would have recognized the political gains that certain military concessions might have gotten the Germans. The military understanding of things

was all the more dangerous because it was not complete. . . .[Ludendorff and Hindenburg] were only acquainted with a portion of the problem, and they could only carry out such parts of the indispensable resultant policy as fell within their own military sphere. There was altogether lacking that supreme combination of the King-Warrior-Statesman which is apparent in the persons of the great conquerors of history.

Ludendorff perceived the war not as an extension of politics by other means, but as the means to further war; he wanted to hold on to all the territory that the German armies occupied in order "to obtain a good strategic starting-point for a future war."

Behind the "welter of slaughter" lies

(continued on page 24)

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CALL
CALLAHAN
CALLAWAY
CALLENDER
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CAMERON
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CAPEN
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CARDWELL
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HUTCHE(R)SON
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INGRA(HA)M
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KAVANA(U)GH
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MAT(T)HEW(S)
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MAYNARD
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NORWOOD
NOTT
NOTTINGHAM
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NUN(N)
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O'ROURKE
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ORDWAY
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ORR
ORT(H)
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OSBORN(E)
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OTT
OVERTON
OWEN(S)
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POWER(S)
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PREWITT
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PROSSER
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QUIN(N)
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RINEHART
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RIORDAN
RIPLEY
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RI(T)CHIE
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SHOEMAKER
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STRINGER
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STRYKER
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SULLIVAN
SUMMER(S)
SUMNER
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SUT(C)LIFF(E)
SUTHERLAND
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the story of prudence unheeded. When Churchill indicts the policies of the Allied leadership, he takes pains to point out that he does not do so merely with the easy wisdom of hindsight; repeatedly, he cites the criticisms that he made of policy as it was being developed. This continual referral to his own role in events might be seen as mere opportunism. (Lord Balfour called *The World Crisis* "Winston's brilliant autobiography disguised as a history of the universe.") Yet, by turning regularly to his own strategic designs, Churchill enables the reader to see how a prudent intelligence might have guided events to a less ruinous conclusion. He strips the disaster of its apparent inevitability; he attributes the extremity of its horror to the failures of particular policies, not to modern political life itself. Churchill reasserts the capability of political intelligence to control its most pernicious and most willful instruments, even though he cannot show it doing so. The men in power were not wise enough or strong enough to do things the right way, but the right way was there, at certain crucial moments, and it was seen to be there.

IV

Churchill's most ambitiously conceived operation as First Lord of the Admiralty was the Allies' greatest failure: the Dardanelles campaign of 1915. The gap between conception and execution was an abyss. The conception was this: the impasse on the Western Front and the lethal threat to Russia, which was expending more ammunition in a day than it was able to produce in a month, called for a strategy that, by turning the enemy's flank, would link Russia to her western allies and revive her flagging strength. Churchill's plan was to coordinate a diplomatic initiative to unite the quarrelsome Balkan states with an amphibious military attack that would make short work of Turkey. Success would have gained the Allies a significant increase in manpower and opened the crucial shipping route between Russia and the West, perhaps enabling the Allies to concentrate their forces in the west for a push strong enough to break the Germans.

Churchill's strategy ran afoul of the Allied command in France. To man the Dardanelles expedition adequately required the diversion of troops assigned to the Western Front, but the leadership in the west begrudged the expedition their every man—not unexpectedly, as, in their view, the last man standing in France would be declared the winner. Abetting this intractability was the fatal blend of imperiousness and hesitancy in Lord Kitchener, the Secretary of State for War. Kitchener's chronic wavering let irretrievable opportunities for victory slip away. Had the Allies originally decided to attack with a force of the size that the course of events by and by compelled them to employ—and sacrifice—the operation would have succeeded.

The amphibious assault became a debacle because Kitchener declared against such an assault at first, claiming that no troops were available for it, then decided to mount it after all but with an inadequate force, and subsequently reinforced those troops less rapidly than the Turks reinforced their own. What undid the operation was Kitchener's inability to choose between, or reconcile, the two major conceptions of Allied strategy. Two successive campaigns, one on either front, each undertaken with sufficient force for its success, might have achieved an Allied victory by 1916. As it happened, two simultaneous and conflicting efforts, each hopelessly undermanned and ill-timed, assured that victory would come only much later, and at ruinous cost. Churchill calls his account of the failed campaign a lesson in "the profound significance of human choice and the sublime responsibility of men."

Churchill reasserts the capability of political intelligence to control its most pernicious and most willful instruments, even though he cannot show it doing so.

V

The co-existence in Churchill's mind of the war that might have been and the one that was actually fought gives his history its sense of the moral dignity, the high purposefulness, of the political calling; on the other hand it gives it an irremediable sadness:

> It is a tale of the torture, mutilation or extinction of millions of men, and of the sacrifice of all that was best and noblest in an entire generation. The crippled, broken world in which we dwell today is the inheritor of these awful events. Yet all the time there were ways open by which this slaughter could have been avoided and the period of torment curtailed. There were regions where flanks could have been turned; there were devices by which fronts could have been pierced. And these could have been discovered and made mercifully effective, not by any departure from the principles of military art, but simply by the true comprehension of those principles and their application to the actual facts.

The great generals of the past would have found intolerable the current military conviction that slaughter alone was a sufficient way of waging war. The ability to outmaneuver one's opponent, the intellectual adroitness of true strategy, including "an element of legerdemain, an original and sinister touch, which leaves the enemy puzzled as well as beaten," characterizes the military art at its highest, in which the statesman's understanding of war and the general's are one. To conduct war in a way that avoids slaughter, that allows a nation to achieve its political ends while holding the loss of men to a minimum, is crucial to the art. "For if their art were nothing more than a dreary process of exchanging lives, and counting heads at the end, they would rank much lower in the scale of human esteem."

Churchill was not averse to straightforward attack; he simply favored a means of doing it that was not suicidal. For the "mechanical danger" that the machine-gun posed to the advancing soldier, a "mechanical remedy" was needed. Admiral Bacon and Colonel E. D. Swinton were at work on devising such a remedy—the tank—and Churchill became their patron. His advocacy rested on his confidence in the tank's ability to "destroy wire without a bombardment which would warn the enemy, and consequently restore the element of surprise to a modern offensive." The struggle to convince the military leadership of the tank's supreme usefulness was difficult; when the generals finally decided to use tanks, they misused them.

Although the British used twenty tanks at the Somme, far too few to be of any use, and plunged them into the mud at Passchendaele, where they wallowed, the Germans failed to profit from these improvident revelations of the Allies' secret weapon. ("Mercifully the military authorities of all countries belonged to the same school of thought.") At the Battle of Cambrai in November 1917, General Byng used them, however "tardily and doubtingly," to win a swift victory almost without casualties. Unfortunately, the general did not know what to make of his success, and ten days later a forceful German counter-stroke recaptured the ground. Nevertheless, Churchill regards this use of the tank, although belated and incomplete, as a turning point in the war:

> Accusing as I do without exception all the great ally offensives of 1915, 1916, and 1917, as needless and wrongly conceived operations of infinite cost, I am bound to reply to the question, What else could be done? And I answer it, pointing to the Battle of Cambrai, "*This* could have been done." This in many variants, this in larger and better forms ought to have been done, and would have been done if only the Generals had not been content to fight machine-gun bullets with the breasts of gallant men, and think that that was waging war.

Here success vindicates the prudence that defied the orthodoxy that merely thought itself prudent.

It is essential to Churchill's teaching about the proper way of conducting war that the unity between the political and military arts be recognized:

> There are many kinds of manoeuvres in war, only some of which take place on the battlefield. There are manoeuvres far to the flank or rear. There are manoeuvres in time, in diplomacy, in mechanics, in psychology; all of which are removed from the battlefield, but react often decisively upon it, and the object of all is to find easier ways, other than sheer slaughter, of achieving the main purpose. The distinction between politics and strategy diminishes as the point of view is raised. At the summit true politics and strategy are one. The manoeuvre which brings an ally into the field is as serviceable as that which placates or overawes a dangerous neutral. . . . The war problem, which was all one, was tugged at from many different and disconnected standpoints. War, which knows no rigid divisions between French, Russian, and British Allies, between Land, Sea and Air, between gaining victories and alliances, between supplies and fighting men, between propaganda and machinery, which is, in fact, simply the sum of all forces and pressures operative at a given period, was dealt with piecemeal. And years of cruel teaching were necessary before even imperfect unifications of study, thought, command and action were achieved. The men of the Beginning must not be judged wholly by the light of the End. All had to learn and all had to suffer. But it was not those who learned the slowest who were made to suffer most.

The singular excellence of *The World Crisis* reflects Churchill's masterly grasp of what was required of statesmanship during both the time he was writing about and the time he was writing for. The absence of a King-Warrior-Statesman who might have kept the Great War from taking place or conducted it by the least ruinous means makes it necessary for the Warrior-Statesman-Historian to illuminate the war's devastation. To read *The World Crisis* is to begin to understand how the crisis in political thought that the war brought on ought to have been resolved; to see a compassionate and sorrowing soul regard without flinching the greatest catastrophe of human devising; to study a composed and resolute intelligence as it resists the nihilistic desperation and utopian fantasy that the carnage has begotten; to hear a majestic voice, ringing with admiration, piercing in anger, hushed with grief and pity, speak those words which alone preserve dead and survivors alike from the ashen wastes of the meaningless and unspeakable. Sadly, Churchill's voice was not heeded as it should have been. To measure the full effect of this general heedlessness, one must read Churchill's history of the Second World War. □

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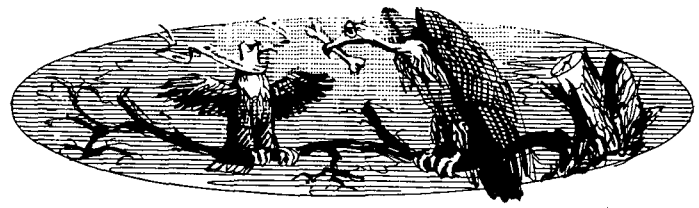

DAY TWO

by Benjamin J. Stein

January 17, 1991

Morning. I spent last night at my condo in the Shoreham Towers, the tallest apartment building in West Hollywood, by far. It's on top of Horn Street, the extremely steep hill that runs up between Spago and Tower Records. At night, I can see from the skyscrapers of downtown to the ocean. I can see the lights of the aerial freeway that brings jet airplanes into LAX. On some nights, I can even see tankers out at sea, coming up from San Pedro.

I took a shower and looked for something decent to wear, not an easy task, since I wore my best suit to a wrap party last night and now it reeks of tobacco smoke. The party was for *Soapdish*, an upcoming classic I had just worked on as a "day player" for four days. It's a Paramount picture starring Sally Field, Whoopi Goldberg, Carrie Fisher, Robert Downey, Jr., Kevin Kline, Garry Marshall, and me—as a nerd, which is my usual part. The party was at a place in West Hollywood called Poh-Na-Na-Souk. As nearly as I can figure, the words mean "dark, noisy place where black people play loud, horrible music and gay people stand around smoking cigarettes or doing 'performance art' by looking sad and holding candles in their hands." I had a good time, regardless. I talked for a long time to Alan Greisman, a full-on genius who has done well here in the guise of a producer. We doped out all the problems of the Middle East. It's a stone crime Jim Baker wasn't there to hear us.

Anyway, I found another suit. I took Trixie, the world's most perfect creature, for a walk. A woman across Horn Street pulled up in a huge white-on-white Cadillac and got out, wearing high-heeled white pumps, sheer white stockings to her thighs, a mini-skirt, and a T-shirt. She flicked a burning cigarette into the gutter and walked into her house. A moment later she reappeared, walking a scarily large Great Dane on a leash. The Great Dane wagged his tail at Trixie, so I brought her inside. I have enough problems without that competition.

When I got inside, my phone was ringing. It was my pal Terri (yes, with an *i*), an accounting student I met at a twelve-step program in Malibu. She sounded scared. She wanted to know what I thought about the war in the Persian Gulf. I said it was horrible, but I hoped it would be over soon.

"I'm transferring to the University of Chicago," she said. "I just can't stand to even be in the same town as my parents any longer. I just can't stand to think about what my life was like with them. I start to throw up when I remember, and just seeing places we went when I was a kid brings it back."

Both of Terri's parents were drug addicts and alcoholics. Her mother would quarrel with her father, then go into her room and hit her. Her father would quarrel with her mother, then go into her room and molest her. Her mother would get drunk, take her to school, get lost on Mulholland Drive, and get so angry and crazed that she would put Terri out on Mulholland, far from any houses or buses or phones. In the rain. When Terri was eight years old.

Terri's actually a success story. After her parents split up and her mother went into a mental hospital, Terri started going to Alanon. She pulled herself together beyond any realistic hope. Now she's a straight-A student at Santa Monica City College, and she counsels other children of alcoholics and drug addicts in Brentwood. It's an amazing story, but one no studio would touch with a ten-foot pole, because when you ask Terri how she did it, she says, "By turning my life and my will over to God. That's it." Networks and studios react to the mention of God the way vampires react to garlic.

"I'm starting in the spring semester," Terri said, "so I'll leave tomorrow to get moved in. I'll call you. I'll pray for you and you pray for me."

See? I told you the networks wouldn't touch it.

Off to WAVES studio on Cahuenga to have a "directed audition" for a Combat roach-killer commercial. At a directed audition you get paid a few hundred bucks just for trying out. I like that a lot.

The commercial was, if I may say so, a damn brilliant proposition. A teacher at a screen is showing slides of various means people use to fight roaches. He shows a shoe and says, "Totally ineffective." He shows a roach spray and says, "Roaches can easily hide." He shows a fogger and says, "Roaches simply leave the area."

Then he shows the hero product, which has some kind of unique killing power, and says it's an invincible weapon, and we hear lots of little gasps and cries. When the camera pulls back, we see that he's been briefing a huge auditorium filled with little roaches. I'm trying out to play the guy who teaches the roaches what they're up against.

I love the concept. It's like some scumbag Iraqi briefing a bunch of Iraqi pilots on what to expect when they come up against the American Air Force. The problem was that the lines didn't excite quite enough derision. Over the phone to Chi-town (which is coming up a lot today) I worked with the writers to punch up the copy. My suggestion was that we add sarcasm. "The human shoe? A pathetic joke for any smart roach." "The lowly household spray? An insult to roach intelligence." "The fogger? Give us a break."

Then the clincher, as the hero product is shown: "If you even see this label, you're history."

The guys in Chicago loved it. They were just crazy about it for about ten minutes. Then they said, "Could you read the copy as it is, please?"

On the way out, the receptionist at WAVES asked me what I thought about the war in the Gulf.

Off to another studio to try out for a part as a cruel head of an orphanage on a new sitcom that is openly derivative of "The Three Stooges." It's a production of my old pal, Steve Tisch, which means I'm in trouble. The iron law of auditions: The better you know the decision-makers, the less likely you are to get the part.

Steve and I talked about the war, then he told me to wait for the audition in an empty office. I sat down and started to read my sides when a young development guy appeared. He looked at me narrowly. "What are you doing in here?"

"Waiting to read."

"Actors aren't allowed in here. You'll have to wait with the other actors in the actors' room."

"I'm only one-sixteenth actor," I said, but he didn't get the joke and I didn't feel like fighting with him. In a few minutes I read my part, and learned that the line producer is an old friend as well. This means I don't have a prayer. Still, it's a beautiful day.

A visit to my three-and-a-half-year-old son's day school, which is part of a synagogue. I took him along with me and Trixie in my battered old Acura. "Daddy, how come Trixie isn't wearing a seatbelt?" he asked.

"Well," I answered in my most sincere voice, "dogs don't have seat belts."

"Yes," he said, "but cars have seat belts."

I was still thinking about that as I sat listening to a pitch about the school from the rabbi. "We try to keep every-

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Benjamin J. Stein is a writer and actor living in Malibu, California.

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thing informal, on a person-to-person level here," he said. "All very informal. I have a rabbit that I carry with me when I meet the three-year-olds, and the rabbit's name is Rabbi Rabbit, and the kids all like that, and it makes *Rabbi* seem less remote and awesome. . . . "

We'll have to ask the Van Nuys *rebbe* about that.

A rush trip out to Van Nuys to help my pal Lenny with a peculiar errand. Lenny's best friend Larry, a lawyer in Old Saybrook, Connecticut, is getting married for the third time. Lenny has an idea that he will make Larry an X-rated video, which he will send to Larry in lieu of flying out to Connecticut to create a bachelor party with strippers.

Lenny has located a "model agency" that provides nude models who will, for a fee, do just about anything. The agency is in Van Nuys, and Lenny is afraid to go there by himself. "There might be some kind of blackmail thing where they take your picture and then make you pay money to not reveal that you were there. I'm a lawyer. I have to watch my reputation."

The model agency was in a single large room on the top floor of a two-story building. The proprietor, a thin, pockmarked man with a thin, black mustache, was smoking a cigarette at a metal desk. Across from him sat an incredibly muscular young man in sweat pants and a tank top. At the other end of the room a plump woman was smoking and filing her nails behind another metal desk.

The young man was arguing about a job. "I really want to do the scenes only with my girlfriend. I mean, that's who I would feel comfortable with performing in front of the camera."

"The problem is," the proprietor said, "what if the director wants another star to perform with you? What if your lady friend isn't right for the part?"

"Well, but you know, with all the stuff going around today . . . "

"That's the whole problem," the owner said. "This AIDS is killing our business. Killing it dead."

"If you would just let me do it with my girlfriend," the buffed man said, "I know I could perform."

"You can't know that," the mustachioed man said flatly.

"I do," the muscleman insisted. "I can guarantee it."

"You can't guarantee it. No one can guarantee it. I've seen guys do just fine one day and the next day they can't perform no matter what. That's just the way it is. This is a tough business. I'm talking about professionals here, too."

Meanwhile, the plump woman was explaining to Lenny and me the way the agency worked. "You want the real thing or simulation?"

"Actually, neither," Lenny said. "Just sort of walking around topless."

"What's this for? Some kind of movie for an arcade or what?"

"No, just a video for a friend's bachelor party," Lenny said.

The plump woman looked at us as if she had heard that before. "Who's going to perform with these women? Which of you guys?"

Lenny looked at me in stark terror. "Neither of us," he said in a loud, firm voice, as if he were certain he was being recorded. "Really, no one's going to touch them."

The woman looked at us even more narrowly. After a few minutes of explanation, she gave us three huge books of photos of "stars." They were extremely depressing and I was sorry I had even shown up. The women did not look glamorous or appealing. They looked down on their luck and sad. There were men in the book, too, and they looked even more demented and tortured.

As we studied the books, looking for a gracious way to leave, Lenny whispered to me, "Do you think they're taking our pictures?"

"Yes," I said. "And sending them to the *National Enquirer.* 'Bust P. I. lawyer in Porn Model Agency Den.' The next Guatemalan who hurts his back on a construction site won't want to call you to represent him."

Lenny looked sad and I was sorry I had said it. "Let's just go," I said. "You can send Larry a Cadillac for his wedding."

We handed back the books and I told the plump woman that we would think about it all. "You must see an interesting mix of humanity," I said.

"What's that supposed to mean?" she asked.

Off to another audition, this one for a product that is made with sugar, but has fewer calories than

sugar. I read some lines and the audio woman said she was sure I would get the part. Another bad omen.

I'm trying to compile in my little brain a list of the useful things about life in general I have learned from acting.

One is to never, ever cop an attitude or get into an argument if you don't absolutely have to. You can be certain that the guy you condescend to this afternoon will be making a decision about a continuing part on a network sitcom tomorrow. Get along and go along.

Two, you get much more productivity out of people who are doing what they want to do. Actors will stand under hot lights doing one take after another, getting yelled at by the director and the assistant director, even without any lines, without a break, for hours on end. They love acting, and when they get a chance to do their own thing, they don't quibble about hours or conditions.

Three, don't take anything for granted. Don't expect that just because you got an outrageous compliment from the director on a scene that the scene will stay in the movie. Just because you were promised a part doesn't mean you'll get it. An expectation is a disappointment that you plan for yourself.

I'll try to think of a few others. I have a mania about lists and it's getting worse.

Dinner with my pal A., a guy I worked with when I came to Hollywood in 1976. He was a killer screenwriter, not just good but great. When he told me about how to create a script, it was like hearing the words of Adam Smith about how free markets work. He wrote a few moderately successful movies after that, but then he came into some money and moved to Carmel to rest and think.

He came back here about five years ago to start directing his own screenplays. I don't think he got any made. I just remember running into him at CBS. He had a spectacular red Porsche 911 in the parking lot near Fairfax and I recall marveling at that car, at his accomplishment, at the sleek glory of his life.

About one year ago, he started to lose weight at an alarming pace. He would go into fevers and sweats for no particular reason. He had three tests before the results came back positive for human immunosuppressive virus. He's been taking aerosolized pentamidine for about six months now, but he's still deeply fatigued all of the time.

He got rid of his television about a month ago. "I don't have enough time left to waste it watching TV," he said. "Plus, TV makes me lonely. Reading makes me feel as if I have some company." He lies in bed for most of the day reading books in Latin.

I went up to his house in the Hills to keep him company. I brought him sushi from Cafe Sushi, his absolutely favorite place. We sat next to his pool and watched the lights come on over Los Angeles. He ate his maguro tuna and I ate my shrimp tempura.

"There's a whole city of people like me," he said. "People who were just rolling along and suddenly their number came up in slow motion. Not just people with AIDS," he said. "People with cancer. If you've got it in the pancreas or in the lungs or in the brain, you're just as done for as if you had AIDS, or almost. You're just waiting to leave. But there are thousands of us here in L.A. thinking about what we should do with the rest of our lives.

"We're like a shadow city within Los Angeles. Wondering why it happened. Wondering why it's us. You know, when I was writing scripts, I used to look at Bill Goldman or Cameron Crowe and wonder why they got so much and I got so little for a script. I used to look at Tony Bill and say that it was a total ripoff that he got about fifty directing gigs for every one that I got. I used to wonder how long it was going to be until I got a house on St. Cloud Drive along with my house in Carmel.

"My whole life was envy. It looked like it was success but it was really envy. That was like brain disease. It was like I had a tumor on top of my brain that was eating me up, only I put it there. Now that's out of my life. I'm furious that I'm sick, but I'm not going to envy anyone. Each day that I have left, I'll live it just exactly the way I want to live it, and not compare it with anyone else's. When I was in studio meetings about rewrites, gnashing my teeth about what some production executive was saying to me, I would look out the window at those grassy lawns they have there at Warner Brothers and wish I could just spend my day reading Horace.

"Now I can do it. Now I'm forced to do it. I'm trying to make every day into a little jewel of a day. Just reading about immortal things that happened a long time ago. 'Varus, give me back my legions. . . .' Something like that. Battles two thousand years ago that changed the world. '*Carthago delenda est.*'

"What happens to me is not terribly important if only a few people in the whole world remember Varus," A. said, "and only a few thousand remember Carthage."

I got into my Acura and headed back to Malibu. All along the way I could see the lights of fishing boats near the shore, laying down channels of light from their wooden hulls to the beach. I turned on the radio and listened to news about the war. □

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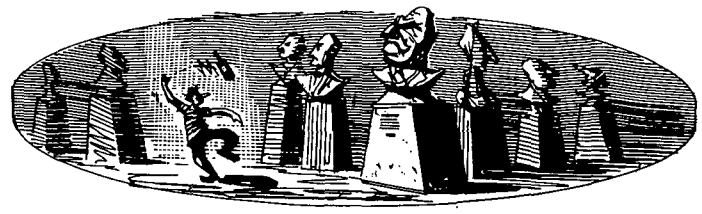
EMINENTOES



MR. OCCIDENTAL

by Edward Jay Epstein

Is there any limit to how much money an ingenious corporate chairman can divert from the corporate treasury for his personal glorification? Armand Hammer, who died in December at 92, on the day he was scheduled to have his bar mitzvah, provides a clue. Hammer was chairman of Occidental Petroleum, the seventeenth-largest industrial company in America. Two months after his death, his successor, Ray Irani, wrote off a staggering $2.1 billion—60 percent of the company's market value—that had been on the company's books for years. Much of the loss stemmed from the pet projects that Hammer had undertaken in Communist countries, which the shareholders of Occidental never realized a penny on.

Hammer's Soviet connection goes back seven decades (longer, perhaps, since his father reportedly named him after the Communists' arm-and-hammer emblem). In 1921, traveling to Russia on family business (i.e., getting goods through the U.S. embargo on Soviet trade), he met briefly with Lenin—a meeting he made a career on. Afterwards, Lenin sent a secret message to Stalin, then general secretary of the Communist party, which included an intelligence report and a request that Stalin accord Hammer "particular support" (whatever "particular" meant). Lenin explained that Hammer was "a small path leading to the American 'business' world, and [that] this path should be made use of in every way."

Once this "path" had expanded into a superhighway in the form of Occidental Petroleum, it meant billions of dollars' worth of capitalist aid. Occidental financed an international trade center and a golf course in Moscow, bred Russian racehorses, minted gold medals for the Olympics, built gas- and fertilizer-processing plants in the Ukraine, extended credits to deepen the Soviet port of Odessa for tankers (and submarines), and provided technology to the Soviet meat-packing industry. These investments, all unprofitable, wound up on the books as "unrealized assets." Other Hammer legacies included a film company dedicated to making documentaries about Hammer's travels, and cartons of Hammer biographies bought by Occidental employees. Hammer channeled Occidental funds into his personal foundation, which then donated paintings to his private collection, as well as funds for the annual Armand Hammer Peace Conference in Poland. To help him open doors in Washington for his social blitz, he had Occidental pay six-figure retainers to a coterie of ex-White House officials. For transportation, he had Occidental provide him with a 727 jet and six pilots. And for the non-corporate crime he pleaded guilty to—making illegal campaign contributions—he got Occidental to pay his legal bill. Hammer's genius was that he managed to do all of this even though he owned less than one percent of Occidental Petroleum's stock.

What was his trick? When I traveled some 15,000 miles in Hammer's 727 to interview him for the *New York Times Magazine* in 1981, I found him a master illusionist. Clever, calculating, and charming, he took great pride in deftly managing perceptions. When I met him at his Los Angeles home, he pointed to a painting over the staircase and asked, "What do you think of that Modigliani?" I assumed it was priceless. He laughed. "Even museum directors are fooled by it." In fact, it had been painted by his wife, Frances, as had the Renoirs, Utrillos, and others. He saw no point in paying the insurance, so he kept the real works of art, paid for by Occidental, in a bank vault. He added, "No one knows the difference, anyhow."

His control of Occidental did not always require illusion. When he appointed directors, he had them fill out letters of resignation in advance, so he could peremptorily fire them in the event they dissented from his decisions. His most powerful bargaining chip was a 500,000-barrel-a-day crude oil concession from Libya, which he received from King Idris but which expanded dramatically after Colonel Muammar Qaddafi took power in 1969. As Occidental director Sir John Foster explained it to me, Hammer made it clear to any outsiders who might attempt to take over the company that, through his Libyan and Soviet connections, he could destroy the Libyan concession—the chief source of Occidental's wealth. One close adviser told me that Ham-

Edward Jay Epstein's most recent book is Deception: The Invisible War Between the KGB and the CIA *(Simon and Schuster).*

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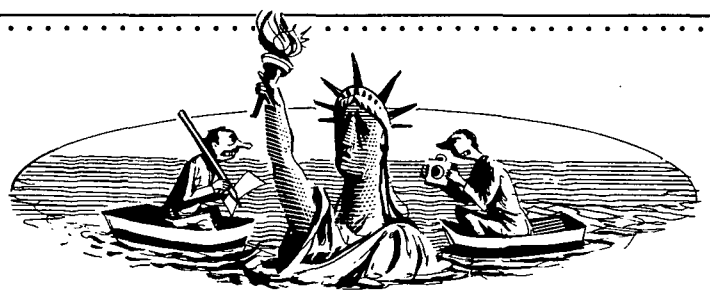
mer could also count on the votes of large blocks of Occidental stock that were in Arab hands. CIA counterintelligence was intrigued by the apparent role of Soviet intelligence in Hammer's negotiations with both King Idris and Qaddafi.

The millions of dollars a day from Libya gave Hammer great clout in Washington. He cemented his relationship with President Nixon in 1973 by arranging for bundles of cash to be contributed under bogus names—which was against the law. Some of the cash he provided was used in the Watergate coverup. He pleaded guilty to the violation but was not sentenced to prison, in consideration of a putative heart condition. President Bush pardoned him in 1989. □

PRESSWATCH



DISPATCHES

by Terry Eastland

After meeting with news executives last fall, the Pentagon decided that (1) print and television coverage of the Gulf war would be carried out exclusively by "pools" of six to ten reporters escorted by the military; and (2) their stories would be subject to a "security review."

As the January 15 deadline drew near, the media, invoking (as usual) the First Amendment, began publicly complaining about both rules, notwithstanding their earlier quiet acceptance of them. "The Pentagon's Censors," read the headline of a January 12 *Washington Post* op-ed piece by Ron Nessen of NBC Radio/Mutual Broadcasting. On January 17, the day after the first bombs hit Baghdad, Eric W. Ober, president of CBS News in New York, wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* that the Pentagon "has placed restrictions on journalists that would make it difficult, if not impossible, to give Americans a precise account of the conflict."

As the days passed, the military edited more and more lightly and intelligently and speedily; the media quit complaining about the security reviews. But the pools were another matter. In a front-page piece on February 11, the *Washington Post* told the world that, in the view of journalists, pools don't work. The next day the *New York Times* joined the big-paper lobby with a piece headlined: "Correspondents Protest Pool System."

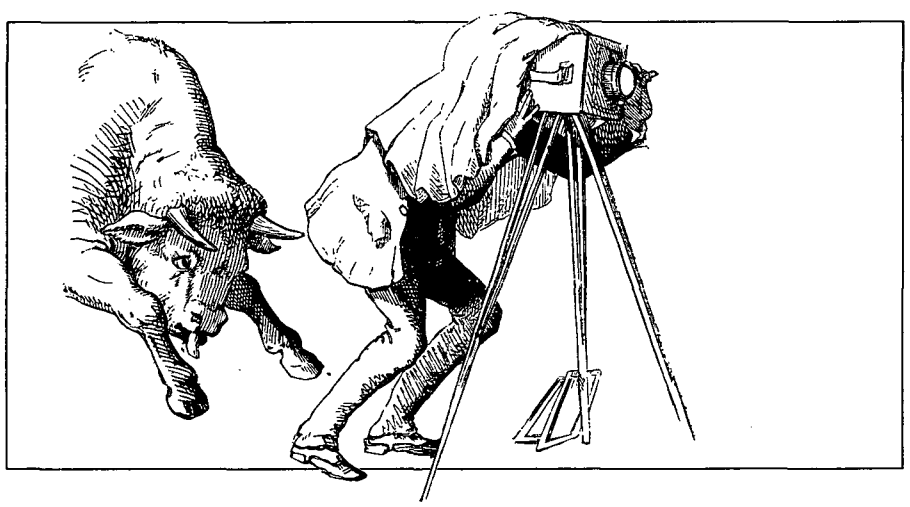
One rap against pools was that the military made mistakes running them; the biggest came when pools formed to cover the liberation of Khafji arrived a full day after the fighting had begun. There was also the precedent of Vietnam, where the media had generally moved about as they wished (and faced no security reviews). By early February, according to news accounts of their activities, more and more reporters were taking off on their own to look for news, *à la* Bob Simon and his CBS crew (captured by the Iraqis in the first days of the war). This didn't please military public affairs officers, who continued to argue for pools on grounds of safety (for the reporters) and practicality (you can't have 1,200 journalists at large in a huge desert battlefield), even as they agreed to increase the number of pools to sixteen (from fourteen).

A good case can be made for the ground rules. The media in Saudi Arabia initially had to cover an air war, a form of combat that is hardly conducive to on-the-spot reporting. The security reviews were not unreasonable, since so many reporters in the theater had had no experience covering a war; besides, there were journalists from some thirty nations—why take chances? There was also the matter of the potentially awesome firepower journalists could have faced in a flat landscape without natural cover or military protection. Moreover, as a non-complaining Washington bureau chief of a major news organization told me, how else—except via a pool—were reporters going to find the right airstrip or battleship?

When the bombs fell on Baghdad that first night, CNN anchor Bernard Shaw asked his two colleagues while on the air from his Al-Rashid Hotel room, "Has it occurred to you that it is not accidental that we are still reporting to the world?" It wasn't, of course: in September, CNN had made arrangements with the Iraqi government for a secure international line, the only one that survived the bombing of Baghdad. The Iraqis didn't treat the other networks the same way, in part because only CNN pressed for a secure line, but primarily because of the nature of CNN, a global network that supplies news to 103 countries. While other American media eventually got into Baghdad, CNN was, in the view of Saddam Hussein, the most important media outlet, providing him, among other things, round-the-clock access to the Arab world he needed to reach.

Saddam seemed to have a single use for CNN (and other Western) "coverage" of Iraqi "stories"—to propagandize. It is questionable whether CNN provided viewers sufficient alerts to the effect that the material being shown was censored or prepared exclusively by the Iraqis, or that "this reporter" did not see all that might have been seen and did not know how an event occurred.

CNN appears to have been gulled by Saddam. It was CNN's ace, Peter Arnett, who in late January showed the pictures of an alleged baby milk factory said to have been bombed by allied planes, commenting that the site "looked innocent enough, from what I could see." Although the Pentagon said it was in fact a biological weapons facility, Arnett, in a later interview with *Newsweek*, remained of a different view, saying he thought it "was a mistaken bombing." Were CNN and Arnett, at times, Saddam's deadliest Scuds?



The usual argument for the Western media's presence in Baghdad was that some sense of what was going on was better than no sense, even if what was conveyed was disinformation, because that, too, was worth knowing. This argument had some merit, in that the reports of many correspondents who spent time in Baghdad before leaving in early February did balance the skewed transmissions coming out of the Iraqi capital. Still, the problem of journalism, especially television journalism, involved more than disinformation.

On February 12, more than 300 Iraqi civilians—mostly women and children—died when the facility in which they were spending the night was bombed by allied planes. Saddam said it was a bomb shelter, but the Pentagon insisted it was a military communications center. If the Pentagon was right, the question was why those women and children were there. The most plausible explanation is that Saddam wanted pictures of dead women and children shown worldwide via CNN—as he knew they would be.

Was CNN's presence in Baghdad a factor in Saddam's decision to take innocent life? Would a few hundred Iraqi women and children be alive today, had CNN stayed out of Baghdad? It is one thing (however dishonorable) to be a tool of disinformation; it is quite another to be an inducement to mass murder. Given the power of pictures to tempt cruel dictators, it will not be easy for televison executives next time around to keep moral and humanitar-

Terry Eastland is resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center in Washington, D.C.

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ian considerations out of decisions regarding coverage from an enemy capital.

Note that when Arnett in late January reported the destruction of a residential neighborhood in which twenty-four civilians died, allegedly as a result of allied bombs, he made a point of denying that the tragedy could have been "staged." His conclusion: "Viewers will have to get used to reports of this nature." Saddam, it would seem, soon made sure they did.

Returning from Baghdad after those first few days, Bernard Shaw refused the military's request for a debriefing on grounds that he was a journalist and had to remain "neutral." Shaw no doubt meant that he did not regard himself as an agent for any government. But his choice of the word "neutral" was striking; it moved Charlton Heston to ask on CNN: "Who does he think he is—Switzerland?"

A larger issue was raised by *Los Angeles Times* television critic Howard Rosenberg, who during a "Live with Larry King" show asked Ed Turner, vice president of CNN: "Does a [neutral journalist] ever confront a situation where he can no longer just be a dispassionate observer . . . ? Let's say, for example, he's in a position where he is in the presence of POWs who are being abused in some way. . . . is he still a dispassionate observer or does he then become an American?"

"We here are as good Americans as the next person," Turner replied. "In a hypothetical case one has to wait and see." Still, he expressed hope that the journalist would keep "his own feelings to himself." Asked a similar question on "MacNeil/Lehrer," Turner said he hoped every journalist could be a "good journalist" and a "good American." In other words, a good journalist is neutral in disputes between his country and an enemy country, and that makes him a good American.

In late January, ABC refused to broadcast the audio portion of the Iraqi-videotaped interviews of captured American pilots. ABC policy, reported at the time, prohibits use of anything said by hostages that may endanger them or, in ABC's words, "further the aims of those holding them." One can't imagine CNN taking sides this way: "good journalism"—i.e., neutrality—forbids it.

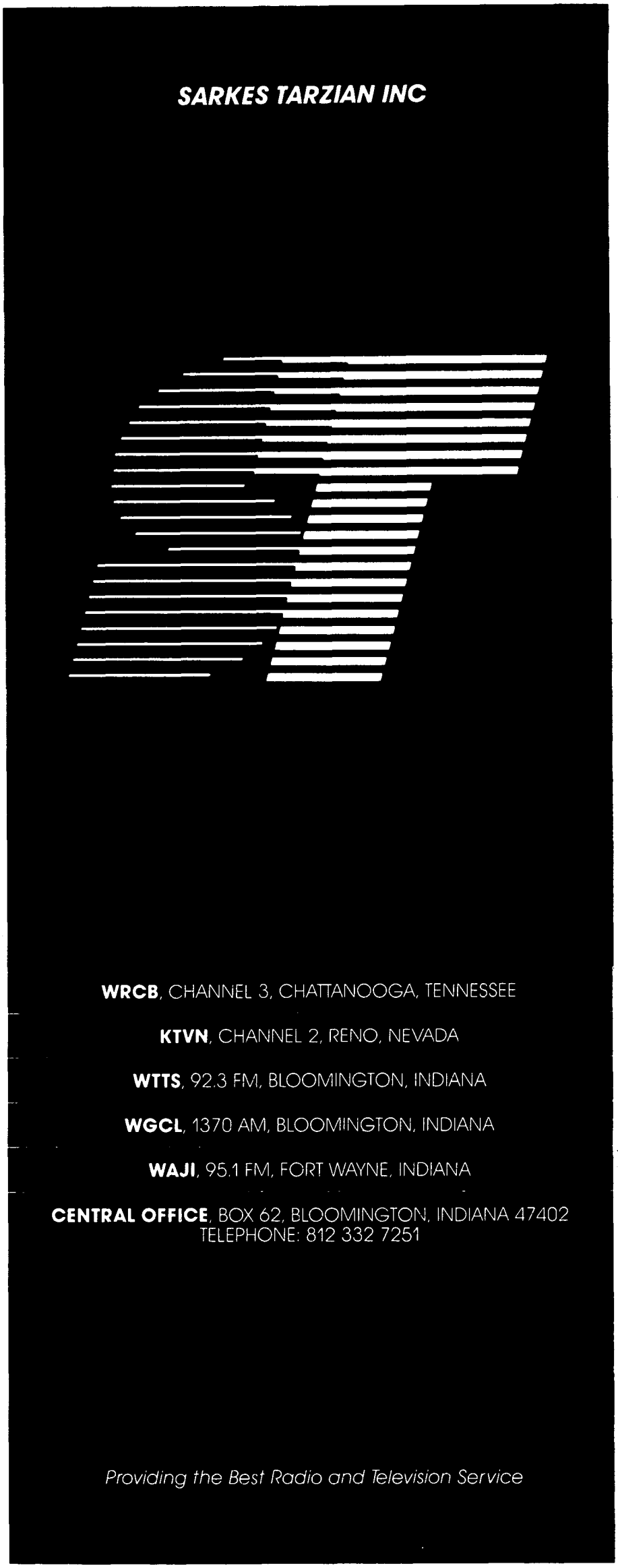
But does it? What does a journalist on the job owe his country during wartime? And what is good journalism, anyway? The very definitions of a "good journalist" and a "good American" have changed rapidly during the past twenty years, and definitions cannot be assumed but have to be argued for. At the same time, many non-journalists would find astonishing CNN's view that in wartime a good journalist is someone who keeps his feelings to himself. This only confirms their suspicion that some journalists do not feel strongly about anything other than First Amendment protections and feel no responsibility for anything beyond themselves and their work. These journalists seem to be men and women "without chests," in C. S. Lewis's memorable phrase.

Early in the war, Walter Cronkite let it be known that if the nation sends "our young men into battle," American citizens have got "a duty to watch. . . . It ought to be almost compulsory to sit in front of the television set and have to view the horror that they're enduring." Later, Cronkite suggested that there is a correlation between the amount of war horror Americans are shown and their support for the war. If it were compulsory to watch the horror of war, his positions imply, then citizens would not support it. Pacifism seems to beat in the heart of this former anchor. He was not alone.

Consider Peter Arnett, in his January 29 interview with Bernard Shaw: "After thirty years of covering wars all over . . . the world, I . . . am sick of wars, and I am here [in Baghdad] because maybe my contribution will be to—to somehow lessen the hostilities, if not this time, maybe the next time." Arnett might have been neutral in choosing between the allied forces and Iraq, but not when it came to war; he's definitely against it. Post-war presswatchers will ask how Arnett's reporting was affected by his intention to "lessen the hostilities." Are reporters who seem determined to rid the world of war in the best position to cover it?

Finally, a question that goes to money. Richard Harwood, "ombudsman" for the *Washington Post*, reminded us in early February of this basic fact: "The collection of news, whatever our self-serving claims, is not beanbag played selflessly by romantic bohemians. It is one of many profitable and vital activities of an American communications industry that accounts for more than six percent of our GNP and boasts of revenues greater than the Pentagon budget."

In the weeks ahead, it will be interesting to see just what the profits are from war—for CNN in particular. A sharp analyst will also check with the book publishers, to see which reporters now in Saudi Arabia—and Baghdad—have bagged the big advances for the big books. □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SOVIET PRESSWATCH

SAVING FACE

by Cathy Young

In Nikolai Gogol's classic tale *Taras Bulba*, the fierce Cossack hero exclaims, as he shoots his son who has defected to the enemy: "I have given thee life and I shall kill thee!" Alluding to this famous phrase, a headline over a story on Gorbachev's relations with the press in the January 21 issue of the Moscow weekly *Kommersant* reads, "The President and Glasnost: I Have Given Thee Life . . ."

In the reports of the first casualties of the Soviet crackdown on the media, there was one that caused me personal sadness. Last July at the Democracy and Independence conference in Prague (*TAS*, October 1990), I encountered a small group of producers and journalists from an independent Soviet TV show called "Authors' Television," or ATV, who complained they still could never be sure a controversial segment would not be followed by loss of access to state-run TV facilities. Two months later, at the Cato Institute's conference in Moscow, ATV reporter Alexander Chukhov invited me to be on their next show—a four-hour late-night program on central TV's Channel 2 consisting of documentary shorts followed by informal panel discussions. I saw one of these programs during my stay; it was rambling but lively, with a segment about a young man who had bought a horse (in the USSR, that can get you on TV) and another that poked fun at delegates to the Russian Communist party congress denouncing the liberal media. I declined Chukhov's offer for lack of time, telling myself that I could do the show on my next trip to Moscow. In January, ATV was shut down. For now, the clods from the RCP congress have had the last laugh.

Still, it must be said that Soviet broadcast journalists have put up enough resistance to save face, if not to save their freedom. On January 16, the staff of central television's weather forecasting service went on a brief strike to protest the killings in Vilnius and the renewal of censorship, leaving the evening "Vremya" program with no weather forecast. ("Let us hope that the weather service is, as always, wrong," deadpanned the "Vremya" anchor, proving that government lapdogs can be trained to have a sense of humor.)

On January 13, Tatiana Mitkova, the most popular anchor on the brisk Television News Service, or TSN, refused to read the text prepared by Pyotr Reshetov, first deputy director of Gosteleradio (the state agency that supervises broadcasting), after Reshetov had killed nine out of ten pages of TSN's original broadcast scripts for that night's show. The text, giving the official version of the Vilnius events, had to be read by someone else. On the next day, TSN anchor Sergei Dorenko was briefly suspended "for an inappropriate, sarcastic tone" in reading this sentence: "Yeltsin's mission and his latest statements have been condemned by President Gorbachev, the servicemen of the Vilnius compound of the troops of the Ministry of Internal Affairs, and Russian-speaking deputies in Estonia."

At a January 17 meeting, the program's staff decided to accept Gosteleradio's terms, reserving the right to inform viewers that the program was being subjected to political censorship and "to seek free airwaves" (*Kommersant*, January 21). Those who seek may not always find. Gosteleradio (which, in the hands of its new TASS-schooled chief Leonid Kravchenko, is turning—quips *Kommersant*—into "the President's channel") still holds a monopoly on the airwaves, and Russian TV, heralded as a source of alternative broadcasting, is being stifled in the bud. According to a February 5 report from the new independent news service Novosti, some members of the Union of Journalists have moved to expel Kravchenko for infringing on freedom of the press. The union's Moscow section is expected to vote on the motion soon.

The pro-Yeltsin Radio Russia, as newspapers in the U.S. have reported recently, has been taken off the two most widely heard frequencies. There was no word of any reprisals against Moscow Echo, an independent radio station that usually broadcasts from 7 p.m. to 11 p.m. but was on the air at 10 a.m. on January 13, covering the events in Lithuania in a thirteen-hour marathon. There were reports from a stringer in Vilnius and in-studio commentary by Soviet radicals, including world chess champion Garry Kasparov. One reporter phoned in from the Lithuanian mission in Moscow to say that its registry books had run out of space to record sympathetic phone calls. According to *Moscow News* (January 20), a number of people called the station asking if the staff needed food, coffee, or smokes.

On the downside, investigative journalist and cult figure Alexander Nevzorov showed his true colors in the short documentary film, "Our Boys," broadcast twice on January 16, wherein he declared that the "boys" in question had saved Lithuania from eternal disgrace and that all the victims of the television tower raid had died of heart attacks or in traffic accidents. (I guess getting run over by a tank qualifies as a traffic accident.) While Nevzorov had won many hearts by trumpeting his anti-Communism, some people had suspected him all along of working for certain dark forces by whipping up hysteria about crime which could be used as a pretext for a crackdown. Now, all suspicions have been dispelled. "Bye-bye, Shurik" (a Russian nickname for Alexander), read a sign at the massive January 20 freedom rally in Moscow. The day before, reports *Moscow News* (January 27), an "alternative" rally sponsored by groups with names like "Unity for Leninism and Communist Ideals" and "Women for the Socialist Future of Our Children" gathered 300 people in defense of Nevzorov and Saddam Hussein. They might have had a better turnout in Lafayette Park.

A letter signed by twenty-three members of the Soviet Cinematographers' Union (including Elem Klimov, who rose to the top of that organization as a loyal Gorbachevite) appeared in *Rossiyskaya Gazeta* (The Russian Gazette) on January 18 and in *Nezavisimaya Gazeta* (The Independent Gazette) on January 19. It denounced the Nevzorov film—which shows a special-forces platoon supposedly waiting for a Lithuanian sniper attack—as "a staged falsification quite obvious to the professional eye of a director, cameraman, or reporter," and appealed to viewers not to believe it: "They're lying to you, trying to set you against Lithuania and Lithuanians and thus whitewash the murderers and those behind them."

The hands of the censors have not yet reached the print media, theoretically protected by the 1990 Law on the Press—though on January 16, Gorbachev suggested that it might be a good idea to suspend the law in order to "guarantee objectivity." He did not push for suspension of the law but had the Supreme Soviet vote to recommend that the Committee on Glasnost work

Cathy Young is the author of Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*

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on "measures to ensure objectivity in the media." In the "I Have Given Thee Life . . ." article, *Kommersant* analysts Maksim Sokolov and Alexander Sukhanov regard Gorby's tactic as a clever one: had the Law on the Press been explicitly suspended, republican parliaments might have stepped in, drawing the central government into a new "war of laws." Setting up "objectivity commissions," write Sokolov and Sukhanov, may prove far smarter: "One possible option is that 'objectivity commissions' will issue findings of bias, on the basis of which directors of printshops (most of which are owned by the Communist Party) and the owners of premises will have the right to annul service contracts or lease agreements."

Kommersant asked several prominent editors to comment on the proposed restrictions. Most voiced anger, sarcasm, or apprehension (Vladimir Sungorkin, deputy chief editor of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*: "There is some anxiety on our staff, and some gallows humor . . .: 'What are we going to do when a National Salvation Committee shows up *here*?' "). On the other hand, deputy editor of *Pravda* Anatoly Karpychev, said, "I'm not ready for your question—your call was very unexpected. This question is too serious for me to make up my mind in one minute."

Literary Gazette's editor-in-chief Fyodor Burlatsky replied, via his secretary, that "he was going to be very busy in the next few days and could not say anything." Since his past record suggests a certain streak of opportunism, one might wonder if he was very busy holding a finger to the wind. Yet during a visit in the United States in February, Burlatsky expressed alarm over the encroachments on press freedoms, especially in broadcasting. So far, according to Burlatsky, newspapers and magazines that have become independent, such as *Literary Gazette*, *Ogonyok*, or *Moscow News*, have not been subjected to arm-twisting or to cutoffs of newsprint or paper. He added, however, that newspapers still owned by the party or the government are under pressure to adopt a more hardline stance. A move to oust Igor Golembiovsky, a top editor of the democratic-leaning *Izvestia*, was warded off by staff resistance.

Literary Gazette has been unequivocally pro-Lithuanian in the aftermath of the "Bloody Sunday" in Vilnius; the staff held a rally and passed a resolution condemning the use of force in the Baltics. The January 16 issue of the weekly devoted three pages to the Vilnius tragedy. The fateful events of January 13 have made clear the sharp dividing line between "right-wing" and "left-wing" newspapers. In the liberal and radical press, weeping Lithuanian mothers were looking for their dead children in morgues, headlines shouted "Attempted Military Coup in Lithuania," "They Were Shooting at You!" and "Do You Hear the Stomping of Army Boots?" and photographs showed the dead and wounded of Vilnius. In *Pravda*, *Rabochaya Tribuna* (Workers' Tribune), the military *Krasnaya Zvezda* (Red Star), and their ideological clones, there were plots by "nationalist extremists seeking to restore a bourgeois order," heroic soldiers displaying their weaponry, and letters from "common workers" in the Baltics pleading with the troops to "act firmly and decisively."

The January 15 issue of *Izvestia* carried an appeal for forgiveness and nonviolence from Russian Orthodox Church Patriarch Alexis; a statement by the Soviet Journalists' Union proclaiming that "glasnost is in danger"; a report on a press conference by Boris Yeltsin, who said that ignoring the shift toward the sovereignty of republics was "a major strategic error of the American administration"; and a survey of responses to the Lithuanian crisis in various parts of the Soviet Union. In the city of Karaganda in northern Kazakhstan, "the official circles are completely silent, while workplace discussions take place only in smoking rooms. The republican and local newspapers have not printed even brief news dispatches from Lithuania." In Ufa (Bashkiria), the republic's Democratic Youth Alliance stated, "We believe that tanks and weapons are not a proper method of resolving complex political issues," in an open letter in a youth newspaper called, of all things, *Leninets*—"Leninist." In the provincial Russian town of Voronezh, "the party press justifies the military intervention, while the youth paper condemns it." The happiest of Soviet cities is Ashkhabad, the capital of Turkmenistan: "The central newspapers, *Izvestia* and *Trud*, have not come out here in two weeks for lack of paper. Therefore, important national news events are bypassing this region: Central TV's Channel 4, the only one received here, is made up of entertainment programs."

And how are ordinary Soviet people reacting? On January 25, *Komsomolskaya Pravda* ran a selection from over a hundred telegrams it had received, overwhelmingly pro-Lithuanian. "I do not need the land of others. Hands off neighboring nations," writes Vyacheslav Chirkin, "a Russian worker." And this sarcastic letter from "Private Volovik": "My heartfelt congratulations to Marshall Yazov on an outstanding victory, the capture of the Vilnius TV station. May our valiant commando troops score new triumphs in battles against civilians." Even the Komsomol Committee of the Kharkov Polytechnic Institute calls for "negotiations with the legitimate government of the republic," the prosecution of Lithuania's National Salvation Committee, and the resignation of Yazov, Kravchenko, Internal Affairs Minister Boris Pugo, and KGB chief Vladimir Kryuchkov.

Yet nothing captures the national mood as perfectly as this gem of a letter, in the same issue of *Komsomolskaya Pravda*, from one E. Snegur in the town of Zainsk: "I'd like to go as a volunteer to the Persian Gulf, to join the Americans or Hussein—I don't care, as long as I get out of here. . . ." □

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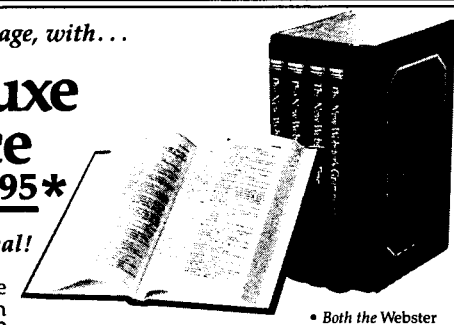

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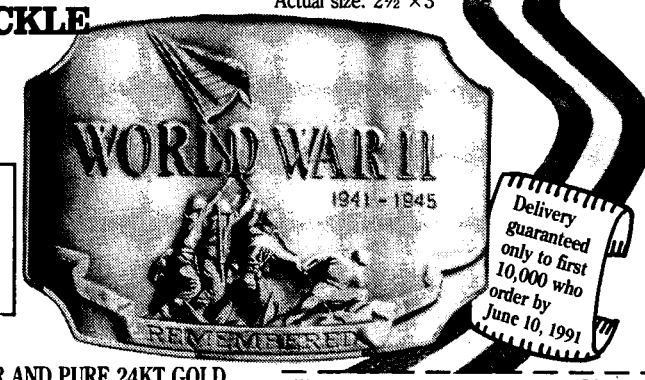

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THE GREAT AMERICAN SALOON SERIES

THE FAIRFAX ON EMBASSY ROW

by Aram Bakshian, Jr.

Most hotel bars simply do not measure up. Come to think of it, why should they? Like airport restaurants, they subsist off of a transient and temporarily captive clientele. And then there are the customers themselves: muttony package tourists, porcine conventioneers, vulpine traveling salesmen, and bovine bimbos do not the best of boon companions make. Clubs, pubs, local saloons, and good restaurant snuggeries are all preferable to the general run of hotel bars.

It is only in the hands of the most inspired hoteliers that a hostelry's watering hole takes on an identity of its own. In Manhattan, one thinks of the old Green Bar at the Algonquin, cozily shabby but rich in literary associations; in Vienna, the understated elegance of the lounge at the Imperial; in London, the gracious country-house ease of the St. George Bar at Brown's.

Occasionally, a hotel bar is even so bad it is good. I discovered the one I love to hate the most on a working visit to Eastern Europe in late 1989. Nowhere did one capture the flavor of a society and an economy in flux better than in the godawful bar of the godawful Forum Hotel in downtown Warsaw. Outside, snow was falling, and illegal currency touts, driven by cold as well as greed, availed themselves of the "new openness" by following potential marks into the lobby. The lobby itself was graced with an "Art Gallery" peddling an appalling line of recreation-room-quality daubs, mainly of nude demimondaines and overdressed Madonnas (the virgin, not the singer).

Despite the wintery weather and rumors of fuel shortages, the bar, a low-ceilinged, dilapidated tribute to the innate ugliness of socialism and modern architecture alike, was kept warm thanks to several days' worth of accumulated cigarette smoke and an utter lack of ventilation. The place crawled with second-string stringers for obscure Western papers and magazines, and double-knitted American entrepreneurs hoping to make a quick killing before the newly democratized Polish government lost its economic maidenhead.

Most of the women in the Forum bar had long since lost theirs. Nearly all were hookers, more than a few of them pre-war models at that. The younger ones looked like tubercular boys, the older ones like Roseanne Barr after a Big Mac Attack. Everybody seemed to have warts. Taken in all, it was a *Mitteleuropaisch* nightmare version of the saloon scene from *Star Wars*.

I couldn't have liked it more. The vodka was passing decent and incredibly cheap, and a corrupt waiter with the appropriately Borgian name of Cesare had laid hands on a smokable stock of contraband Havanas available for a song in hard currency. Alas, all gross things must come to an end. The day before I left Warsaw, the Forum's bar was abruptly boarded up, whether for fumigation or de-fumigation I will never know.

How different from the casual grace of Washington's Fairfax Bar, housed in the Ritz-Carlton on Massachusetts Avenue, in the heart of Embassy Row. The hotel itself was originally called the Fairfax; in those days it was owned by the Gores, an old, propertied local family (Republicans and sufficiently distant cousins of the Tennessee Gores to obviate the need for a boycott). Now the name survives only in the bar. Lobby, ballroom, bedrooms, and suites have all been redecorated to reflect the slightly overdone European elegance of the Ritz-Carlton chain. Fortunately, the easier, more natural charm of Maryland and Virginia hunt country survives in the pine-paneled Fairfax Bar.

With its working fireplace, its creaking-under-the-carpets oak flooring and scores of sporting prints and engravings worthy of a rollicking John Surtees novel of turf and chase, the Fairfax Bar is a refreshing throwback to a time when even politicians could be gentleman farmers, and the old squirearchy still counted for more than the new oligarchy.

Behind the bar hangs a High Kitsch canvas memorial to the Spirit of '76, "The Escape of General Putnam." It is executed entirely in primary colors. In it, Revolutionary War hero Israel Putnam, a stout, florid gentleman of mature years, holds on to his hat as if his life depended on it, while his spastic steed, its limbs defying every known law of anatomy, bolts down a steep embankment, escaping a thwarted British cavalry picket (the 16th Light Dragoons, John Burgoyne's old regiment, if memory serves).

On most evenings, standing beneath the canvas and looking more than a little like a latter-day General Putnam in horn-rimmed glasses, you will find the Fairfax's legendary chief bartender. "Spags" Spagnioli has been one of the city's master dispensers for as long as most Washingtonians can remember, interrupted only by combat duty in World War II.

Any illusions Spags may have had about human nature perished at the barricades of the old Rotunda on Capitol Hill where, during several years of bartending, he was captive audience to the appalling eating, drinking, and mating habits of the United States Congress. Spags may have lost his faith in the human race, but not his affection for it, as long as it plays by the bar rules. These include jackets for gentlemen and common courtesy all 'round.

Except at very overcrowded moments, an atmosphere of easy affability pervades his domain. Stylish cocktail waitresses—nimble Jasmine, an Ethiopian beauty with a tart tongue and a generous heart; majestic Lois, an amiable Kenyan with glowing brown eyes and a ready laugh; willowy Elizabeth, an attractive, engaging English major from Pennsylvania—all offer gracious service to customers sunk into leather armchairs and deep velvet sofas.

I generally prefer to stand at the bar with my back to the entrance; that way marauding boors cannot establish eye contact from the lobby. Besides, from my vantage point I face the empty spot at the bar where for years the late Henry Fairlie—brilliant writer and even more accomplished wastrel—sipped scotch, did the *Times* crossword, and traded the occasional pleasantry (or unpleasantry) with me on topics as varied as American politicians, Scots gardeners, and the comic merits of Lucille Ball. I thought she was about as funny as Jerry Lewis in drag; he thought she was hilarious, waxing adamant. Maybe he really *did* idolize her; he survived her by less than a year.

The Fairfax's clientele, besides long-in-tooth (or long toothless) members of the local squirearchy, includes everything from literati to glitterati, from politicos (and even their widows, e.g., Ethel Kennedy) to visiting academicians (the Cosmos Club, which can claim more Nobel laureates than any other private club in the world, is just up the street). Whenever there is a salute to the performing arts at the White House or the Kennedy Center, they are well represented at the Fairfax Bar. In the past year I have shared the premises with Jimmy Stewart, Bobby Short, Katharine Hepburn, Walter Matthau, and someone who looked like Jack Lemmon's father but turned out to be Jack Lemmon.

Some people visit the Fairfax Bar to be seen, some to be unseen. Should you drop by on an off hour—on the weekend or between tea-time and the hour of the apéritif—you might be surprised. In recent weeks, I have been nervously greeted by a star columnist at the *Washington Post* and a senior editor of the *Washington Times*, each seated in a shady corner with a buxom lady other than his wife.

I've also often wondered what Lee Atwater, in happier days just before the Bush inaugural, was discussing with a Reagan-appointed ambassador to a major NATO power during the siesta hour one Saturday when I happened to come by to retrieve a forgotten umbrella. Whatever the trade-off, the am-

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Aram Bakshian, Jr., a member of the National Council on the Humanities, writes and broadcasts on politics, history, and the arts.

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bassador, who was not everyone's idea of Mr. Congeniality, kept his job.

If gossip abounds, so, too, do gossip hounds. A few years ago, in the wee hours after the annual White House Correspondents Dinner, I dropped in for a nightcap that turned into several rounds of scotch and sympathy with that ace chronicler of Eurotrash doings, Taki Theodoracopulos, and *National Review* editor John O'Sullivan. And many a happy hour have I spent at the Fairfax Bar with that least malicious of professional gossips, Diana "Ear" McLellan, and her historian husband Dick. Adding to the fun lately is the fact that Dick, with his graying beard, spectacles, and slightly distracted look, is often mistaken for Lithuania's President Vytautas Landsbergis, thus fueling rumors of a new round of secret negotiations between Washington and Vilnius.

There are, of course, good nights and bad nights at the Fairfax Bar. On one particularly harrowing evening, the place was overrun by a contingent of award-winning cemetery plot salesmen. On another, Klemens C. Kowalsky, a monumentally revolting defense lawyer from New Jersey (according to his card, a specialist in fraud, accident claims, and immigration cases), barged in with four shopworn ladies of the night and lost his temper when his wife declined the invitation to come down from her room and join the fun. For one dread moment, I thought I was back at the Forum in Warsaw.

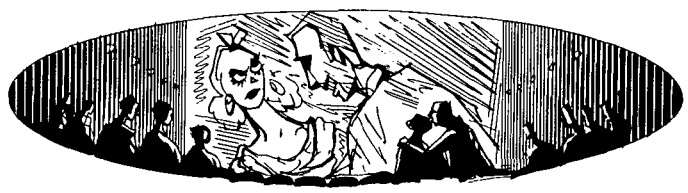
Far more typical, though, are chance encounters of a serendipitous sort: a beautiful, bored lady who has slipped away from a stuffy private party in the hotel; a Savile Row tailor who turns out to be an excellent contact the next time you're shopping in London; or a publisher in search of just the sort of author you happen to be.

Nor is the age of miracles past. On one evening in 1990, I was joined for a drink by a journalist friend who had spent the entire afternoon trying to catch up with a traveling free tasting sponsored by the distributors of Cardhu scotch. Poor Phil would invariably arrive at a designated bar just as the show had hit the road again. He was understandably put out, and ready to call it a night when, from the lobby of the Ritz Carlton, I heard the unmistakable sound of jolly topers speaking with Scots burrs. Seconds later nine kilted Cardhu distillers, amply stocked, entered the bar.

It turned out that they were staying at the Ritz-Carlton and, having finished their official rounds, had now decided to party in earnest. Another night to remember—or at least try to —ensued.[1] □

[1]Enjoy the Fairfax Bar while you can. Rumors of a drastic remodeling are rife, and we all know what a mess progress can make of things.

THE TALKIES



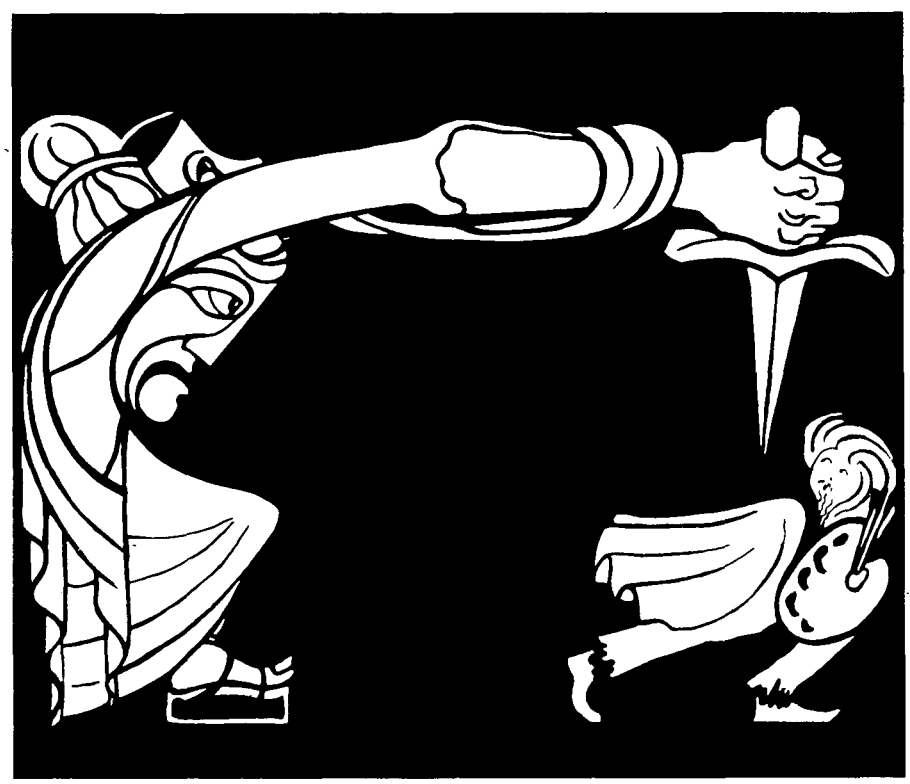
SOMEDAY HER PRINTS WILL COME

by James Bowman

Hollywood routinely elevates cliché to the level of archetype. You would think that by now audiences would have seen our latter-day redaction of the Sleeping Beauty legend so many times that they would riot at the news of yet another version of it. Or else that the studios would simply grow tired of reworking it. Not so. Their shamelessness in continuing to retell the same story with the same moral argues powerfully that they are providing not just a hackneyed theme but a sustaining myth. We need our Sleeping Beauty—just as, to a lesser extent, we need our Noble Savage, our Faustian (and fustian) Gangster, our Suburban Monster, our Lonely Cop and others from the gallery of acetate archetypes.

Although our new Sleeping Beauty is a variation on a very old theme, she is the most recent of these mythic stock figures and the one about which we are least secure. Her story replaces the domestic idyll that was still going strong all the way through the sixties and that we are still not completely sure we want to jettison. For each time the agony of divorce rends a family there are some of us who will ask ourselves: Why was it again that we decided marriage was an arrangement of convenience for the partners rather than a lifetime commitment? Ah, yes, because it is inherently cruel and exploitative; because we wanted Sleeping Beauty, groggy with the narcotic of traditional wedlock, to awake.

A particularly clear example of the myth and, therefore perhaps, a particularly bad film is Joseph Ruben's *Sleeping with the Enemy*. I don't normally like to review movies about which I can't think of a single good thing to say, but this is a special case: this is Hollywood ideology without Hollywood magic, this is the new consensus with its trousers down. Here the wickedness of the wicked husband (Patrick Bergin) is unrelieved by any glimmer of ordinary humanity. He is merely a monster: every woman's nightmare of The Marriage Enforcer. He dresses his wife (Julia Roberts) like a mannequin and calls her "Princess." Get it? She is up on a pedestal, see, where she can be protected from the very freedoms that she craves (an extra couple of days a week working as a librarian).



Needless to say, he also beats her—and kicks her when she is down, lest there be any danger of the point's not having been sufficiently underscored. Then he brings her flowers to patch up their "quarrel." She, poor thing, seems less resentful of the beatings than of his compulsive neatness and the fact that he performs the act of sexual congress with background music by a composer she rather comically identifies as "Burly-ohs"—to wit, the Dream of the Witches' Sabbath from the *Symphonie Fantastique*, just in case something like the *Danse Macabre* or the *1812 Overture* might have been thought too subtle.

Well, of course, she runs away. After staging an elaborate drowning hoax in order to discourage pursuit, she lights out for the territory—that is, Iowa, which, since *Field of Dreams*, seems to have become what Kansas was to *The Wizard of Oz*: the all-purpose symbol of American wholesomeness, complete with flags and parades and carnivals and acres and acres of corn. Here she meets a young man (Kevin Anderson) who is positively puke-makingly nice. Only they put him in potentially threatening contexts, see, where he unintentionally surprises and scares her, in order to show how spooked she is by men in general. "People never really know each other,

James Bowman is The American Spectator*'s movie critic.*

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Ben," she says. But if she doesn't know Ben any better than to feel threatened by *him*, she must have been kicked in the head a few times too many.

The terror of the ending is mitigated somewhat by the fact that the harbingers of the wicked husband's return are mysteriously arranged towels and Berlioz on the cassette player. With all the portentousness of the shower scene in *Psycho*, Ruben has her open her kitchen cupboards to find that—shock! horror!—the cans have been neatly arranged on the shelves. Domestic discipline is back! Maybe there are a lot of single-member households for whom that truly is a scary image, since the audience, when I saw the film at any rate, didn't simply hoot with laughter at it. Nor did they greet with derision the idea of Berlioz as the herald of fanatical domesticity. Perhaps they were stunned by the sheer inappropriateness of it.

Woody Allen returns regularly to the image of Sleeping Beauty, who is usually portrayed in his films by his main squeeze of the moment. He has done it again with *Alice*, a film about a Park Avenue housewife (Mia Farrow) whose sexual awakening at the hands of a jazz saxophonist (Joe Mantegna) leads her to Mother Teresa. And although that sounds quite ridiculous, it is one measure of the success of twenty years of Sleeping Beauty movies that it does not look completely so on the screen.

It is also a measure of Woody Allen's wit, since his stock in trade is the ridiculous and he does not labor under the necessity, as Joseph Ruben does, of taking himself too seriously. As always in Allen's films, the gags punctuate and to some extent redeem the more serious story line when it lapses into the profound. Also, a terrific jazz score sporadically succeeds in imparting real magic even to such trite bits as a visit from the ghost of love affairs past. Add truly haunting arrangements of "I Remember You" and "Moonlight Becomes You" and you get closer to believing than you ever will with the Righteous Brothers in *Ghost*.

In fact, maybe we need to look at *Alice* the other way around: it is the music rather than the narrative that jolts the audience into sympathy with the heroine. The pictures are just a sort of program for the score, rather like, to take an example at random, Berlioz's crazy program for the *Symphonie Fantastique*. You don't have to believe in the phantasmagoria in order to experience the emotional power it has inspired. Even a *deus ex machina* like Mother Teresa is inoffensive if Louis Malle's images of her shade into Mia Farrow as "Alice Blue Gown." What doesn't work on a merely literary level takes artistic shape as part of what Richard Wagner used to call "the total work of art"—music drama as music video.

It may be that Randy Newman's score for *Awakenings* tries to do the same thing and doesn't quite succeed, or else that the stronger narrative line in that film and an even higher concentration of sentimental moral uplift overwhelm him. Here is a politically neutralized Sleeping Beauty flick. A whole hospital full of postencephalitic patients is awakened neither by handsome saxophone players nor by the need to escape from domestic tyranny but by L-Dopa, a drug. Of course it is a good drug, and it indirectly awakens the nerdy doctor (Robin Williams) who administers it and needs to learn from his patients "how to live," but it is hard for me to believe in chemistry —or even Science—as hero. Indeed, the successful scientist is seen as an emotional and spiritual failure until he is "awakened" to what most of us know already about the need for other people.

I am trying to explain my residual unease with having found the film rather moving, an unease that has to do with the movie's failure to attach itself to universal experience. Neither the pathetic creatures to whom a drug almost accidentally gives a few weeks of life as an interruption in their perpetual sleep nor the pathologically shy doctor who learns from them "how to live" is part of the world that most of us know. Robert De Niro does a wonderful job portraying Leonard, the most attractive of the patients, but in the end he is a grotesque, outlandish creature whom we can admire from afar but who has not much to do with us.

It is this kind of thing that Aristotle was thinking of when he said that, in dramatic art, probable impossibilities are to be preferred to improbable possibilities. In other words, Alice rendered invisible by a Chinese herbal physician or flying in the arms of her ghost-boyfriend above Manhattan works better on the screen than a moment of lucidity vouchsafed to the sufferers of an extremely rare vegetative syndrome. It is precisely because the latter is a true story that it is weak as art.

The same can be said of Jonathan Demme's *Silence of the Lambs*. If you find that being frightened, horrified, scandalized by the most appalling sort of human bestiality is an aesthetic experience, you should like this film. I don't and I didn't. Here the Suburban Monster archetype meets the Lonely Cop archetype and—not improbably enough—the two form A Bond, which results in the capture of another Suburban Monster. Like De Niro, Anthony Hopkins is a brilliant gargoyle, mugging to the camera to convince us of an inner and unimaginable moral squalor. As the mass murderer Dr. Hannibal "the Cannibal" Lecter, he has a sharpness of observation and intellect that sets him as much apart from the workaday world as the revolting crimes he has committed or the antiseptic cell in which they have landed him. But the paradox obtains: If he is so extraordinary, what has he got to do with us?

There is an answer buried in the subtext of this and many another film these days: it is that, deep down, we suspect that *reality is like that*, even if we have never seen anything like it in our lives. Freud said that the id was "true psychic reality," and his principle has had far greater influence on twentieth-century art and literature than Aristotle's about improbable possibilities. We do not go to the theatre, as Aristotle's contemporaries did, to be purged of pity and terror at the sight of unfortunate people like ourselves but to gawk at the pitiable and the terrible in a gallery of grotesques that are as unlike ourselves as it is possible for the wit of man to make them.

Yes, I know. There *are* people like that in the world, just as there are brutalizers of women, and one of the reasons why people have always gone to movies is to scare themselves with stories about them. If they were relatively commonplace, like cancer or car accidents, they wouldn't be so scary, or scary in the same ways. Prehistoric monsters or creatures from outer space do just as well. I have no quarrel with the pleasure of people who enjoy being scared by such things, but I do object when the fright merchants, often for political or ideological reasons, dress up their melodramas as serious art on the specious grounds that life is like this. If you look closely at the critical praise that *Silence of the Lambs* has received, you will see that it is based on the assumption that the picture gives us not escapist fantasy but real life.

The same is true of Stephen Frears's movie, *The Grifters*, which is truly impressive for the performances of Anjelica Huston, John Cusack, and Annette Bening and for its clever plotting and nicely ironic touches. It is the very model of the well-made movie, but it is dead inside. The pith and the life of it are rotten at the core because its characters, small-time crooks and con-artists, are so impoverished in spirit that we cannot bring ourselves to care very much what happens to them. If people were really like that, they wouldn't go to the movies; yet, by an act of faith, moviemakers and critics believe that this arid selfishness and greed is merely heightened reality. The *New York Times*, for instance, says of the grifters that "their methods and ambitions are really not so different from those of the straight world."

At least Frears's film is only tedious and depressing and not, like *Silence of the Lambs*, voyeurism justified by a childlike faith in the special, if not superior, reality of a psychiatrist who eats human flesh or a transsexual who makes clothes for himself out of murdered women's skins. For, as in *Sleeping with the Enemy*, it is male sex-violence which provides the ideological content and hence the contact with real life. Even when Suburban Monster and Lonely Cop team up, it seems, Sleeping Beauty is never far away. This Sleeping Beauty is also the Lonely Cop (Jodie Foster) who must come to terms with her fears, rather as farmboys from Kansas (or possibly Iowa) had to do in the old time war movies—by confronting a particularly disgusting manifestation of them.

The mass murderer and the sex criminal, we see, are only extreme forms of maleness, and it is the psychiatrist-cannibal who calls attention to the more ordinary forms of that sickness which afflicts half the human race. "Don't you feel men's eyes moving over your body?" he says, and it is creepy, because he is in effect claiming that kinship to the rest of mankind that our experience would deny him—a kinship, nevertheless, that we are only too ready to grant. A series of memorable images of the pretty and nubile FBI trainee in the midst of crowds of men presses home the point that benign masculinity (if there is such a thing) is as psychically as the other kind is physically threatening. Our heroine must fight against it in order to solve the crimes by brilliant detective work and so establish an independent existence. This she has in common with Julia Roberts's character in *Sleeping with the Enemy*: she is awakened not by a handsome prince but by a loathsome monster. Well, that's real life for you. □

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CATHAY: A JOURNEY IN SEARCH OF OLD CHINA
Fergus Bordewich/Prentice Hall/304 pp. $18.95

LEGACIES: A CHINESE MOSAIC
Bette Bao Lord/Alfred A. Knopf/245 pp. $19.95

William McGurn

When, two years ago, I first peered upon the remains of Chairman Mao in his mausoleum on Tiananmen Square, I was taken aback. I had seen Lenin and Ho Chi Minh, and was not unaccustomed to the Communist penchant for mummification. But there was something oddly pathetic about Mao, whose head, illuminated by a sickly greenish light, protruded from under a dark blanket. In his memoirs, Henry Kissinger suggests the ailing Mao grasped that in the long run the overwhelming force of Chinese culture will "transmute his upheavals into a mere episode in a seemingly eternal continuity." Was the chairman aware of the mockery involved in offering as his most lasting monument a carefully preserved corpse?

All Communist countries, of course, paint themselves over in a coat of collectivist drab, lending them a sinister aura quite apart from their totalitarian politics and secret police. Still, nowhere was the task of whitewashing so immense as in Mao's China. Left to their own devices, the Chinese favor brilliant reds, rich golds, and vivid purples; the Emperors wrote in vermilion ink. Yet in the space of one decade, the Cultural Revolution against the "Four Olds"—old things, old culture, old beliefs, old behavior—left one-quarter of the world's people severed from their history.

Now come two books that attempt a reclamation. In *Cathay*, Fergus Bordewich travels from the Westernmost borders, where the People's Republic meets the Indian subcontinent, on a pilgrimage to China's "forbidden past." In *Legacies*, Bette Bao Lord focuses on the people caught up in the tumult of Mao's would-be Marxist Eden. Although they approach China from different perspectives, each uncovers the same astounding reserves of resiliency, good humor, and dignity—what Simon Leys called the "faculty of organizing small islands of happiness even in seas of the direst hardship"—that four decades of ruthless suppression have not effaced.

Cathay is infinitely the richer in description, not least because the travelogue furnishes a more appropriate vehicle for loving detail. Like an experienced craftsman restoring a precious piece of furniture after a number of dubious refinishings, Bordewich peels back layer after layer of the People's Republic in hopes of revealing the classic forms below. Nor is he blinded by romanticism: "Old China was also a cruel land where dwellers bartered their children for food, deliberately crippled women's feet to please the eye of connoisseurs, and endured a conformity so tacit that a man might be arrested for wearing odd-colored clothes." Within memory, he adds, women of Peking could be seen each day dropping starving babies from a certain spot on the city walls.

Bordewich's past experience as an adviser to the English-language features section of the official New China News Agency serves him well here. The Chinese newsmen he was hired to instruct had longer experience of their system than he, and they knew that not so far in the past they would have been clapped into prison (as well again they might be in the future) for adopting the journalistic standards he taught. "No fools," he reports, "they diligently ignored most of what I had to say." Yearning for relief from the tedium of the Brave New Peking, Bordewich began to notice hints of another time, whether it be in the "buried courtyards and upswept eaves of an older city" or "the gray stalks of a pagoda that rose with pristine grace amid the smokestacks of a factory." He became obsessed with these intimations of suppressed beauty.

This obsession was fueled by his discovery, in a second-hand Manhattan bookshop, of *The Years That Were Fat*, a long out-of-print volume about life in Peking between the two world wars. The author was George N. Kates, who, after a degree at Harvard and a stint in Hollywood, moved to China and went native, wearing silk robes and even having an operation on his tongue to facilitate his speaking Chinese. I was introduced to this memoir in 1988, when Bordewich turned in a lovely review of it for me at the *Asian Wall Street Journal* after its re-release overseas by Oxford University Press.

By then Bordewich had discovered, to his great astonishment, that Kates was still alive. His book consequently opens in a New Hampshire nursing home, with a resident who had just stepped out of 1940s China. For Kates had left Peking when World War II finally intruded on his peaceful courtyard in the shadow of the Forbidden City; toward the end of his own book, Bordewich, searching for what was left of the house, stumbles across both Kates's former rickshaw driver and an acquaintance who recalls that when the Japanese came Kates defiantly ran up a huge American flag over his home.

Bordewich devotes the rest of his book to a delightfully haphazard trip into all the nooks and crannies of old China. Among the more engaging spots he visits is Qufu, birthplace of the man the Chinese know as Kong Fuzi ("Reverend Master Kong") but who is more popularly known as Confucius; the name was latinized by Jesuits in the sixteenth century. When George Kates visited Qufu in the 1930s, he found it a village "where everyone knew his place and took pride in it."

That's not a bad synopsis of Confucianism itself. Less a religion than a code of worldly behavior, Confucianism, for good or ill, has helped define the Chinese psyche for centuries. Its great flaw has been not so much an espousal of any vices but an inability to draw the line on virtue, so that order becomes the justification for tyranny, filial piety for a rigid hierarchy, and conservatism for a militant resistance to innovation. Nonetheless, Confucianism lent the Chinese a certain majesty. As a fruit-vendor in Qufu tells Bordewich, it made the people more "civilized."

Showing Bordewich around Qufu was a member of the clan who as a

William McGurn, a former editor at the Asian Wall Street Journal, *is the Washington bureau chief of* National Review.

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child entered the mansion as a playmate of the last duke, seventy-sixth in the line of direct descendants of Confucius. But Bordewich reveals more about China through the recorded evasions of a Mr. Li, the party official in charge of the Confucian Foundation, putting questions to him in a direct (and most un-Chinese) way:

"What happened in Qufu during the Cultural Revolution?" I asked.

"Things were abnormal," Li replied. His knee was now pumping violently. "There were complications."

What exactly did that mean?

I waited for an answer. The silence lengthened painfully. Li's whole leg was bouncing wildly, almost out of control. Everyone in the room was staring at it.

The truth is, the Red Guards invaded the Temple of Confucius. They scoured the tablets of Confucius, of the sage's parents, of the four great disciples, and of the seventy-two sages from their crimson altars and, like so much kindling, burned them to cinders. Then they hitched a truck to the bronze images of Confucius and his disciples, pulled them out like tree stumps, and dragged them in a procession through the streets of Qufu, shouting, "Down with the Confucian curiosity shop!" Then they smashed the statue to pieces with sledgehammers. Kong Fanyin saved the mansion and clan archives by arguing that they should be preserved as "evidence" of the "criminal atrocities" the Kongs had committed. The Red Guards publicly tortured him anyway on the Drum Tower at the center of town. Later, they marched to the clan cemetery, where every Kong for the last twenty-five centuries has been buried. There they looted the tombs and threw the shriveled corpses of the sage's descendants on the ground amid their jades and ivories, and yellowed and crumbling silks.

Later still, Bordewich arrives on Christmas Eve in Shanghai, in its day the most awesome of contradictions: a cosmopolitan Chinese city. He describes Midnight Mass at the Jesuit Cathedral (also scarred by Red Guard wrath), which, despite his unbelief, he finds "as plain and comfortable as an old garment unworn for decades." With him is a Filipino named George, who has been stuck in China because he has no papers to prove his real nationality, a man whose whole life thus reads like a sick joke. How Chinese that makes him.

Unlike Mr. Bordewich, Mrs. Lord is not one to clamber up the side of a mountain on a donkey or retrace Marco Polo's steps along the Silk Road. Interwoven with tales and half-remembered incidents from her own life, *Legacies* is based on stories from the Chinese themselves, confessed to in private and delivered on cassette tapes to her door. "They were the most costly gifts any Chinese could give," she says, "the most precious gift a writer could receive. They were the uncensored stories of their lives."

Bette Bao Lord was born in Shanghai in 1938, into a China wracked by civil war and soon to be brutally incorporated into the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere by the Japanese. In 1946 she left for New York on what was to be a short trip—leaving behind the infant sister whose story (including their ultimate reunification in America) Mrs. Lord told in *Eighth Moon*—only to return in 1985 as the wife of Winston Lord, Ronald Reagan's choice as ambassador to the PRC. She recalls the thrill of riding through the land of her birth with the Stars and Stripes fluttering over the right fender, silently vowing "to be worthy of the honor of representing my adopted country."

Her story, then, is part of the subtitle's mosaic of stories, fantastic not so much for their fabulous plots as for the horrible contortions forced on people whose only crime was to think and behave as their ancestors had for almost five millennia; evidently, the one thing Mao was unable to change at all was the Chinese capacity to endure. Mrs. Lord communicated some of the shock by recounting a 1973 conversation in Shanghai with her Aunt Goo Ma on the seemingly innocent subject of birthdays:

"Guess, my niece, where I spent my fiftieth?

I could not. She begged me again and again to guess, like a child enjoying some wonderful secret.

I guessed. "At a banquet."

"Wrong."

"On vacation."

"Wrong."

"I know: watching a play at the theatre. Father told me you love the stage."

"You are almost right."

"Don't tell me you were performing!"

"Not exactly." She paused, flashing a wicked smile. Finally, she told me. "In takeoff position."

I did not understand.

"Yes . . . yes, in takeoff position. I was alone," she explained, "on a huge stage. In the audience were thousands of students pelting me with slogans, calling me a snake spirit and a cow demon. My feet were placed together. My body was bent at the waist. My arms were raised above my shoulders and behind my back, like the wings of a jet plane. Takeoff position. And so I remained for eight hours on my fiftieth birthday."

Hearing this, Mrs. Lord began to cry. Her aunt interrupted her, to recall that throughout all the indignities of imprisonment, including having half her head shaven, not once did she shed tears. And she would not let anyone else do so for her. "My niece, always remember that in the end even my worst enemy called me *Tie Ren*"—Steel Woman.

In many ways, Mrs. Lord shows, the victims survived the Cultural Revolution better than their persecutors, who, having been told (and having believed) that the Great Helmsman was the source of all knowledge, learned nothing else. They were part of a truly lost generation, to whom taking part in the beating of an innocent neighbor was what accumulating merit badges is to our Boy Scouts. It made monsters even of those too young to understand, such as the actress who dutifully turned her back on her father when so instructed:

Father had been branded a rightist, third class. Those who were first class were sentenced to prison. Those who were second class were condemned to hard labor in Xinjiang. Father was assigned work among the peasants in the nearby countryside. He was paid only 32 yuan a month, fifteen of which he would save and leave in my pencil box each time he visited home. I never kept a fen but gave it all to Mother. Each time he came, Father would ask me if he could take me somewhere. I shook my head. Each time he would bring me candy and fruit. I refused to touch it. I was so terrified that my friends would see him that I became ill. So ashamed was I of my father that I wished he would leave and never come back.

She soon got her wish. The father who once delighted in reading his only daughter poetry committed suicide, leaving her with a crippling sense of hollowness that time has not managed to dissipate.

Other stories in *Legacies* are similar, recalling that the Chinese, whatever their cultural differences, are neither free from original sin nor strangers to grace. There is the cadre, for example, whom Mrs. Lord thought sympathetic to reform only to emerge among the most vocal supporters of the post-Tiananmen crackdown. Or the prisoner, prohibited visits from his family, who arose each morning—winter, spring, summer, fall—to the sight of a bright red kite, a sign from his family that he hadn't been forgotten. Or the man who thought his wife a mousy homebody incapable of larger concerns, until the April day in 1989 he returned home to find she had been out carrying food to the students on Tiananmen Square.

As fate would have it, the Lords left China in the midst of the Peking Spring, before the dream was bloodied. The scale of both popular discontent and the govenment's reaction took most experts by surprise, perhaps because, as Bordewich observes, few Westerners have ever really penetrated "that hidden courtyard of the self where every Chinese lives his real life." Mrs. Lord has come closest to bridging that gap, stumbling at the muffled horror that has stunted so many Chinese spirits. The actress whose father was driven to take his own life speaks for many here. "I shouldn't have experienced a hate so unnatural that it could sever the bond between a loving father and a loving child," she says. "But I did."

In short, the real enemy of any Communist society is not the dissident, the intellectual, or even the student. Its real enemies are the beautiful and the good, each of which answers to a higher authority. What historian Jan Morris says of Fergus Bordewich applies equally to Bette Bao Lord: that "by searching so assiduously, so affectionately, and so understandingly for the legacies of the Chinese past, [they] may paradoxically be giving us some foretastes of a China yet to be." □

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THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION

Richard Pipes/Alfred A. Knopf/944 pp. $40

Craig S. Lerner

In the early morning of July 17, 1918, in a basement in Ekaterinburg, members of the Bolshevik security police, the Cheka, murdered the ex-czar Nicholas II, his wife, their son and four daughters, three servants, and the family doctor. It was more difficult work than expected. After a three-minute barrage at point-blank range, several of the victims survived. The Chekists approached them with bayonets. Their leader complained, "When one of the girls was stabbed, the bayonet would not go through her corset." The bodies were undressed, covered with sulfuric acid, and dumped in an abandoned gold mine.

Though Lenin had written in 1911 of the necessity of beheading "at least one hundred Romanovs," Soviet authorities to this day deny his responsibility for the executions, insisting that they were undertaken at the initiative of local Communists. Richard Pipes, Baird Professor of History at Harvard, doesn't buy it.

For Pipes, there is a profound significance to the events in Ekaterinburg. Regicide was not unknown to Europe, says Pipes, but, "as is the case with so much that concerns the Russian Revolution, while the superficial features of events are familiar, all else is unique." Unlike Charles I and Louis XVI, Nicholas was never brought to trial. Only in the Russian case did the victims include the monarch's family and servants. "The deed, perpetrated in the dead of night, resembled more a gangster-type massacre, than a formal execution." Finally, Trotsky's justification for the massacre, that it was needed to "shake up our own ranks," suggests to Pipes that the Bolsheviks had entered "an entirely new moral realm."

The chapter on the murder of the imperial family, one of eighteen in *The Russian Revolution*, is typical of Pipes's disdain for "ethical nihilism" and of his unfashionable willingness to pass value judgments. He defines the "culminating period" of the revolution as the quarter-century from the student revolts of 1899 to the death of Lenin in 1924. (The present work ends around 1919; the promised sequel will continue to 1924.) Pipes writes with forceful clarity, though *The Russian Revolution* lacks the anecdotal verve that launched Simon Schama's recent history of the French Revolution into bestsellerdom. This is history without frills. If you want to know what happened in Russia at the beginning of the century, read this book. If you want romance and adventure in a war-torn world, go to a video store and rent *Reds*.

"In Russia," Pipes has written in an earlier work, "the struggle for political liberty was waged from the beginning exactly in the manner that Burke felt it ought never to be waged: in the name of abstract ideals." Because the nobility and bourgeoisie were never politically significant in Russia, it was left to an intelligentsia mesmerized by Western ideas to check royal power. In the opening chapters, Pipes describes the numerous skirmishes engaged in by the autocracy and the intelligentsia from 1906 through 1917 in the pseudo-parliamentary Duma. Nicholas II, determined to play the part of an autocrat but lacking the strength or talent to do so, repeatedly promised concessions, only to renege later. For its part, the intelligentsia would settle for nothing less than the institution of one-man, one-vote parliamentary democracy. That such a form of government might be ill-suited to a country in which the vast majority of the population were illiterate peasants seldom intruded upon their consciousness.

Roughly the second half of the book covers the Bolshevik conquest of Russia. Beginning with the seizing of St. Petersburg in October 1917, Pipes describes the Bolsheviks' almost immediate construction of a one-party state with a centralized economy and a terror apparatus. He focuses on the great importance of Lenin to the Bolsheviks. "What held them together was not a program or a platform—these could change from one day to the next in conformity with the leader's wishes—but the person of the leader." Pipes reconstructs the mind of Lenin, focusing on hatred rather than idealism as his principal motivation. Marxism's appeal for Lenin lay not in its vision of a perfect future; rather, Pipes argues, it supplied a justification for his nihilistic and destructive impulses.

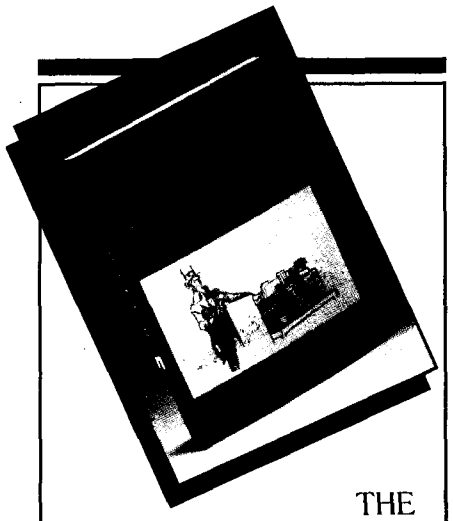
Lenin surrounded himself with like-minded fellows; his "Commissar of Justice" exhorted, "We must execute not only the guilty. Execution of the innocent will impress the masses even more." But, in terms of murderous hatred, Lenin was simply in a class by himself. Pipes credits him with the introduction of the vocabulary of pest control to political discourse. "The kulaks are the most beastly, the coarsest, the most savage exploiters," Lenin told a crowd of industrial workers in 1918. "These bloodsuckers have waxed rich during the war. . . . These spiders have grown fat at the expense of peasants. . . . These leeches have drunk the blood of toilers. . . . These vampires have gathered and continue to gather. . . . merciless war against the kulaks! Death to them!" The easiest way to disabuse someone of his belief in a "humane" or "democratic" Leninism is to read him some words of the man himself.

The Bolsheviks, it is sometimes said, were forced to use drastic measures to restore order to Russia in the chaotic years that followed the revolution. The *Soviet Historical Encyclopedia*, for example, writes that "War Communism," the attempt to introduce state control of the economy, was "dictated by the exceptional difficulties caused by the civil war [and] economic devastation." Pipes shows that the Bolsheviks were themselves largely responsible for these "exceptional difficulties": their pricing policies curtailed the food supplies reaching the cities, and they intentionally wrecked the bourgeois economy with hyperinflationary monetary policies.

The Bolsheviks' early program was dictated not by circumstance, but by the deliberate application of violence and terror to secure power. The Cheka was founded in December 1917, before any organized opposition had emerged. With Lenin's enthusiastic support, it quickly became the dominant organ of the government. By 1919, its leader presided over the construction of a network of concentration camps. "One can perceive here, not only in principle but also in practical detail, Stalin's concentration camp empire: it differed from Lenin's only in size," writes Pipes.

According to Pipes, the history of Russia is marked by continuity: the germinal totalitarianism of czarist Russia emerged, fully grown, in the Soviet regime. Pipes first developed this thesis in *Russia Under the Old Regime*, the predecessor of the present volume, which traced Russian history through the late nineteenth century. "Unlike most historians," he wrote, "who seek the roots of twentieth-century totalitarianism in western ideas, I look for them in Russian institutions." For Pipes, Soviet totalitarianism is the product of a "patrimonial" political culture indigenous to Russia. The peasantry never acquired an understanding of property or law and was thus never fit material for citizenship; the czars, meanwhile, treated the country like a private estate. In the book's final chapter, "Towards the Police State," Pipes argued that

Craig S. Lerner has written for Commentary *and the* New Criterion.



THE PRIVATIZATION REVOLUTION

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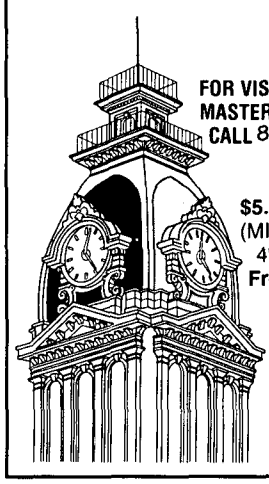

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"the legal and institutional bases . . . for a bureaucratic-police regime with totalitarian overtones" were laid in the late nineteenth century.

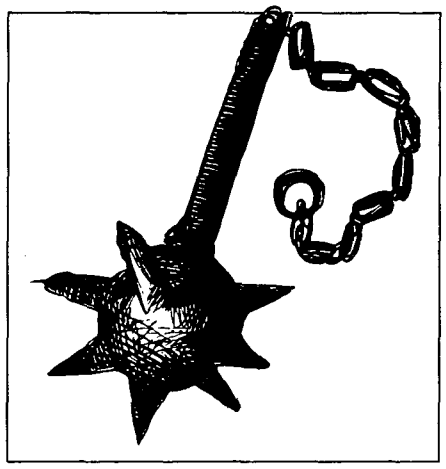
In *The Russian Revolution*, Pipes harps once again on the patrimonial mentality of rulers and ruled; the behavior of the peasant is explained, often unpersuasively, with reference to the "centuries of serfdom in his bones" or his "primitive anarchism." Pipes repeatedly identifies czarist precedents for Bolshevik actions, e.g., "in spirit . . . War Communism resembled most the patrimonial regime (*tiagloe gosudarstvo*) of medieval Russia." He occasionally resorts to his earlier thesis in its full-blown form: "The system of government which the Bolsheviks set in place within two weeks of the October coup marked a reversion to the autocratic regime that had ruled Russia before 1905: they simply wiped out the twelve intervening years of constitutionalism."

Elsewhere, however, Pipes emphasizes the radical novelty of the Bolsheviks, the "entirely new moral realm" they had entered. To explain this novelty, Pipes looks to the influence of modern ideas. Around the seventeenth century, he argues, thinkers ceased to content themselves with the mere contemplation of nature; they sought to manipulate and exploit it to benefit man. This new philosophy inspired a brand of intellectuals, who first appeared during the French Revolution, intent on changing the world. Under their influence, the goals of politics have soared as the reality of politics has plunged into depths previously unknown. To understand the Russian Revolution and Bolshevism, according to this line of argument, one should look less to a peculiarly Russian "patrimonial" mentality than to a modern mentality regarding the status of man and the world.

These two lines of argument co-exist uneasily in *The Russian Revolution*, particularly in the final chapter, on the Red Terror. On page 799, regarding certain Bolshevik legal procedures, Pipes writes, "Those living under Bolshevik rule found themselves in a situation for which there was no historic precedent." Then on page 800, regarding related procedures, he writes, "These measures returned Russian judiciary procedures to the practices of the seventeenth century." On page 832, Pipes tells us that "in its fully developed form, the concentration camp . . . was Bolshevism's major contribution to the political practices of the twentieth century," only to excavate on page 835 a czarist precedent: "Russian governments had an old tradition of exploiting convict labor. . . . The Bolsheviks revived this tradition." It's as if Pipes first tells us how horrible, how uniquely horrible, the Bolsheviks are, then shrugs and says, "Well, they're just behaving like Russians always have."

Barring a new wave of purges and repression, *The Russian Revolution* will soon be appearing in translation in the Soviet Union, where it is certain to have a wide readership. After all, the present debate within the Soviet Union about the future is defined by the past. Hard-liners defend the seventy-five years of Bolshevik rule and recommend staying the course; other Communists hope for "democratic socialism." Russian nationalists, including Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, would jettison the whole Soviet legacy and turn for guidance to Russian history. Others advocate a total break with the Soviet and Russian past and the adoption of liberal democracy.

Pipes has bad news for everybody. To Communists, he suggests that Bolshevism was evil from the start. To Russian nationalists, he warns that there is practically nothing worth recovering in pre-revolutionary Russia. Brutalizing squalor and vast ignorance in the countryside; perverted idealism, fanaticism, and cowardice in the intelligentsia; flunkyism and incompetence in the government: when one plays "If I Could Have Been Born Anywhere," Pipes's czarist Russia is not the sort of place that comes to mind. (Solzhenitsyn, who emphasizes the discontinuity between czarist and Soviet Russia, responded to Pipes in a 1980 essay in *Foreign Affairs* entitled "The Mortal Danger: How Misconceptions About Russia Imperil America.")



Moreover, Pipes's emphasis on continuity, on the Russians' undeveloped sense of property and law—not something one is apt to cultivate under Soviet Communism—raises doubts that liberal democracy will take hold. Russians can nowadays be heard saying that they want democracy, but not multiple parties, or, for that matter, the private sale of land. Exactly what democracy would mean in the absence of competing political parties and a market economy it is difficult to say, but it is certain to bear little resemblance to liberal democracy as the West has come to know it. □

THE POWER AND THE GLITTER: THE HOLLYWOOD-WASHINGTON CONNECTION

Ronald Brownstein/Pantheon/437 pp. $24.95

Fred Barnes

Before the 1988 presidential campaign hit full stride, TV producer Norman Lear invited each of the Democratic candidates to his house in ritzy Brentwood for strenuous auditions, over dinner, before a group of powerful figures from the entertainment industry. The candidates, especially Senator Joe Biden of Delaware, hated the grilling. Biden was hectored over his opposition to school busing for desegregation. Bruce Babbitt was hounded about South Africa, a peripheral issue. Despite the unpleasantness, the candidates were afraid not to come, Hollywood being a rich vein of liberal money.

Lear and his pals operated on the assumption that they were the rightful keepers of the liberal flame, while the leading Democrats were political weasels, compromisers, sellouts, or worse. If this was high-handed and elitist, Lear didn't notice. In *The Power and the Glitter: The Hollywood-Washington Connection*, Ron Brownstein notes, "If a similar screening session had been organized by conservative corporate leaders, many of the same people attending Lear's sessions would probably have condemned them as a plutocratic plot."

Hollywood's new attitude toward Washington and politics is reflected perfectly in the Brentwood dinners. Respect for officials in Washington, even reliable liberals like Senator Edward Kennedy, has disappeared. Rather than listen to visitors from Washington, Hollywood liberals want to lecture them. Stars used to be flattered to appear on the same stage with presidential candidates. It meant they were taken seriously. Now, the stars figure it is they who are bestowing seriousness on the candidates, or at least on those few (Dukakis, Jackson, Hart) who measure up.

Brownstein, a political reporter for the *Los Angeles Times*, deftly captures this world-upside-down quality in his engrossing chronicle of the stormy, sometimes silly relationship between Washington and Hollywood. His book is extraordinarily well reported, and overflows with riveting anecdotes. It's also fair-minded. I suspect he has some sympathy with the liberal set in Hollywood, particularly the younger actors and actresses, but he never lets that bias his analysis or color his reporting. He skewers everyone. After watching Justine Bateman, a star of the TV show "Family Ties," stump for the Democratic ticket in 1988, Brownstein concluded that her portrayal of Michael J. Fox's daffy sister in that series was "drawn entirely from personal experience."

Not just Bateman, but most folks in Hollywood are not like you and me. They're isolated. "Hollywood lives so differently from ordinary Americans that its perceptions of the political mainstream are often skewed," Brownstein writes. Once, Democratic Representative Lee Hamilton of Indiana, the former chairman of the House Intelligence Committee, addressed some sixty-five Hollywood liberals at a fancy home. He took questions for half an hour, then paused for a question of his own. How many of the group had ever been to Indiana? Two or three hands went up. How many had been to Nicaragua? "Instantly," says Brownstein, "he faced a forest of upraised palms."

Stars are often too self-absorbed and sanctimonious to understand how ridiculous their political posturing appears to the average person. "It would not be unusual at events where the young stars were the advertised draw to find them mingling solely with each other, protecting themselves from the assembled public with the impenetrable aura of superiority that people in the movie industry seem to perfect as soon as they acquire an agent," Brownstein writes. In 1988, actress Elizabeth Perkins, who starred in the movie *Big*, "hectored a blue-collar, largely Hispanic audience in Stockton about the assault of the wealthy on the middle class under the Reagan administration. It was like watching a Beverly Hills staging of *Waiting for Lefty*: here was a group of rich young people trying to incite into class warfare what appeared to be an assemblage of enormously content middle class families looking for a mild Sunday morning outing." When Perkins gave the same crazed speech the next day to college students in San Diego, someone yelled back, "But you're rich." No doubt the irony was lost on her.

Fred Barnes is a senior editor of the New Republic.

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Brownstein surprised me on two counts. One is his treatment of Communists in Hollywood, including the Hollywood Ten. He does not mince words. Communists "dominated liberal politics in Hollywood from the 1930s through the 1950s," he declares flatly. "Through the 1940s, the Communist party had as much influence on Hollywood's internal political life as it did on any community in the country. No major liberal activities took place in Hollywood until the dawn of the Cold War, except for a brief period between 1939 and 1941, without Communists playing an active, and in many instances essential, role." Brownstein partially defends the 1938 investigation of Hollywood by the House Un-American Activities Committee, headed by Martin Dies. The Dies approach was scattershot, "and the prevalence of Communists in the thriving Popular Front groups guaranteed him more than an occasional hit." Brownstein looks askance at the "deification" of the Hollywood Ten in the 1960s "as well-meaning progressives hounded for their prescience by the forces of ignorance, reaction, and hysteria." He characterizes this revisionism as "simplistic and overstated," since "the Party members' careers also offered nothing if not testimony to the intellectual danger of reflexive procommunism."

Only slightly less surprising is that actor Warren Beatty, the buddy of Gary Hart, comes off as the most likable and levelheaded and least egomaniacal of the politically active stars. As an adviser to Hart's two presidential campaigns, Beatty never exploited Hart to gain publicity for himself; he wanted to be a strategist. He pressed his views on Hart, but was gracious when they were rejected. Even if he managed to win Hart over on some point, Beatty would allow campaign aides to reopen the issue with him. "If they could convince him he was wrong, he would call Hart and say so," notes Brownstein. When his movie *Reds* was released, Beatty accepted an invitation to screen it for Ronald Reagan at the White House. Beatty and Reagan got along well. "I always liked him," Beatty told Brownstein. "I always felt that he said what he meant and he had convictions . . . and he was not a pretentious man. He doesn't pretend to be something other than what he is."

Best of all in this book, Brownstein recognizes the danger, particularly for the Democratic party, in Hollywood's liberal activism. The "wealthy and isolated elite" uses its influence to push the party "toward the most militant liberal positions on social and foreign policy issues." That's not the way to win the White House. Nor is Lear's effort to sneak environmental propaganda into scripts of TV sitcoms (you know, have the Simpsons recycle their trash and boycott Styrofoam) without risk for liberals. Using the "public airwaves to proselytize for a private political agenda creates a precedent." I'm not holding my breath, but it's a precedent that conservatives might some day seize upon. It will take an earthquake for the day to come when conservatives run Hollywood, but stranger things have happened. □

CONSEQUENCES: A PERSONAL AND POLITICAL MEMOIR

John C. Tower/Little, Brown/389 pp. $22.95

Joe Queenan

Bookshelves across the nation abound with trashy page-turners lionizing men who drink too much, talk too loud, fondle women's buttocks, chase secretaries around desks, take their clothes off and dance atop pianos with Russian ballerinas, and drive their cars into ravines. Now along comes a book by a man who insists that he does not drink too much, does not talk too loud, fondles nary a female buttock, never chases secretaries around desks, does not now, nor has he ever, taken off his clothes and danced on a piano with a Russian ballerina, and leaves his car in the garage, not in some gully, arroyo, or ditch.

Ex-U.S. Senator John C. Tower, the only cabinet-designee of a newly elected President to be rejected by the Senate in the history of this glorious but fundamentally unpredictable republic, readily admits that he has not written the book he would like to have written. *That* book would have been an exhaustive and scholarly discourse on the political process, the tensions between the executive and legislative branches, and the most cost-effective way to achieve a strong national defense. *This* book is a booze-and-broads affair, a vindictive but ultimately humiliating riposte in which the fallen senator depicts himself as a David versus Goliath, as a little old Republican pitted against big bad Democrats, as a man more sinned against than sinning. In short, a man who, whatever his failings, has never danced on top of a piano.

Tower, who went directly from a teaching post at a small college in Wichita Falls to the Senate seat vacated by Lyndon Baines Johnson in 1961, is probably one of only ten men in the United States Senate who could have produced a book as lucid and readable as this one. Make that five. Thoughtful, carefully organized, and not excessively larded with homespun wisdom or crackerbarrel philosophy, *Consequences* intersperses Tower's fond recollections of his rise to political prominence with testy and often mean-spirited attacks on the Democratic party, the media, and most particularly Senator Sam Nunn, chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee, who was the principal agent of his disgrace. The book is straightforward, comprehensive, and combative.

It is not, however, convincing, because the sheer number and variety of allegations against the author make the reader wonder how such a nice man could have so many nasty enemies, how so many falsehoods could be repeated on so many occasions by so many different types of observers. The Senate is, after all, filled with hateful, venal men, yet most senators somehow manage to stagger through their legislative careers without being called drunks, womanizers, fondlers of buttocks, or consorters with Russian ballerinas. I am not saying that Tower was or did all of the things he is accused of. I am merely saying that his explanation for the attacks—Sam Nunn, Paul Weyrich, and Andrea Mitchell Were Out To Get Me—is not enough to win over the reader who, if he's like most Americans, already thinks everyone in Washington is a liar anyway. If it wasn't John Tower downing all those tumblers of scotch, who *was* that short guy from Texas we kept hearing stories about all those years?

Tower is equally unconvincing on the subject of his relationships with defense contractors. His argument seems to be that, in accepting lucrative consulting arrangements with the defense industry after he left the Senate in 1985, he did nothing illegal, unethical, or immoral. Okay, so he didn't. But neither did the senators who voted against him; there's nothing illegal, unethical, or immoral about deep-sixing the nomination of a man widely perceived to be in the back pocket of his former employers. You took the money, John, the guys seemed to be saying. Now, run.

As a senator, John Tower had a reputation for being smart and hard-working—but he also had a reputation as a mean S.O.B. *Consequences* does nothing to undercut that reputation, as everyone from his second wife to John Warner to Teddy Kennedy to Sam Donaldson takes it in the neck. Some of his attacks are fair: Andrea Mitchell is a poor excuse for a journalist, Teddy Kennedy is a hypocrite, John Warner is a lightweight, John Glenn is a space cadet in more ways than one. But these attacks are directed at public figures who have the means and the wherewithal to defend themselves. Tower's attacks on his wife, Lilla, whom he portrays as the Machiavellian engine of his disgrace, are ignoble, because she doesn't have any real forum in which to defend herself. Since the reader has no way of evaluating the merits of Tower's charges against her, he comes across as a bully and a crybaby. As a literary wife-beater, to coin a phrase.

In the end, Tower's rancorous attempts to clear his name merely demean him. A man accused of being a lush should have resisted the temptation to repeat old war stories about a boozed-up colleague who had to be propped up in his Senate chair to keep from falling over. A man who served twenty-four years in the Senate should be above self-auditing his old deli receipts to prove that he wasn't hitting the sauce all those years. A former chairman of the Senate Armed Services Committee who has been accused of chasing women around desks should not write, "I would have had to be a high hurdler to chase anybody around the desk, since it was L-shaped and linked to a wall credenza." Wall credenza or not, I think everyone is glad Dick Cheney got the job instead. □

Joe Queenan is a frequent contributor to Barron's *and other publications.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(continued from page 7)

are a symptom of strategic and tactical paralysis among the Sandinistas.

(2) Weiner erroneously describes the Sandinista boondoggle involving land and cars, among other items of property, in the lame-duck period before Chamorro's inauguration. Ortega did not acquire title to a fleet of imported cars so as to resell them in the free market, but, rather, transferred title on them at ludicrously low prices to members of the Sandinista cadre. This *piñata* was described in great detail in *La Prensa*.

(3) Weiner comments contemptuously on Sandinista functionary Herty Lewites's involvement in the scheme for a new Nicaraguan airline by stating, "It is hard to see how it will get off the ground if Lewites uses traditionally bad Sandinista management techniques." In fact, as anybody with the slightest

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real knowledge of the Managua scene knows, Lewites stood out in the Sandinista bureaucracy as the only official to have applied sensible management methods to his sector of the economy, which happened to be tourism. There has been a general consensus that, of the Sandinista officials, Lewites was the only one who might be recommended for a post in Chamorro's government on grounds of competence.

It is also politically important to recognize that the penchant of Communist regimes to treat their own citizens brutally and to promote the degradation of the economy has not necessarily extended to tourism and consumer goods for export. Nobody could seriously claim that Stolichnaya vodkas represent an inferior product, that Czechoslovak Communism rendered Pilsner Urquell beer undrinkable, that Cuban or Nicaraguan Marxism ruined those countries' rum (Havana Club and Flor de Cana), or that Cuba or Bulgaria did not provide lovely beaches for tourists. The point was that such commerce is labor-intensive, adding nothing to the development of the country's infrastructure, and was reserved for the enjoyment of foreigners.

(4) Weiner takes a slap at *La Prensa* by describing its support for the fired employees of ENN, the former official publishing house, as "cynical." Why? *La Prensa* has consistently defended the basic labor rights of workers mistreated by Sandinista bosses; indeed, the independent labor movement played a major role in the Chamorro victory, precisely on a program of defending the rank-and-file worker against the Sandinista bureaucrat. . . .

The remainder of Weiner's article consists largely of confused gossip that is neither necessary nor worthwhile to refute—all intended to support her thesis that Nicaragua under Chamorro is "looking pretty hopeless." In that case, why should the U.S. have supported Chamorro against the Sandinistas? Why not leave the country in the hands of its former masters, on the assumption that it would prove an unregenerable burden? Her arguments remind me of a discussion I recently had with a former contra advocate who insisted "the U.S. should have invaded." I kept trying to explain that whatever should have happened, democracy won in Nicaragua. That *should* be enough.

Weiner's essay, aside from its peevishness, is an exercise in the Manicheism that unfortunately seems to afflict many intellectuals, of the right as well as the left. That is, to those like her all who are not angels are devils. Such an approach, in response to the grand drama of the Chamorro victory, offers little more than further proof of another characteristic of intellectuals, both of the right and the left—their frequent heartlessness.

—Stephen Schwartz
San Francisco, California

Lauren Weiner replies:
Aside from saying I was too hard on the Nicaraguan government, Stephen Schwartz refutes not a single thing I said about that government or its struggle to take the political helm of the country it was overwhelmingly elected to lead. Instead, he seems to want to defend an accommodating attitude toward the previous regime by defending the "best" that that regime had to offer (e.g., tourism). The rest of his case is similarly off the point, consisting of challenging my choice of adjectives to characterize Sandinista strikes and *La Prensa*'s advocacy of Sandinista workers.

With a controversialist of Schwartz's intemperate sort, one feels one is being dragged into arcana. But, here goes:

(1) As someone who found herself unable to fly into Nicaragua during the July strike, I can attest to the country's paralysis. Airports and borders were closed because the Sandinista functionaries manning them had walked off their jobs. I defend my terminology by turning, not to the *Nation*, but to a report by the human rights group Freedom House (Douglas W. Payne, September 28, 1990): "The Sandinistas paralyzed the country in May and July through armed occupation of government ministries and state enterprises. . . . The country was not paralyzed because people refused to go to work. The country was shut down because people were denied access to their workplaces by force, and because Sandinista militants . . . cut off the electrical and communications systems."

Whether or not these strikes are popular is a separate issue. Having gotten into the country in the aftermath of the July disturbances, I found plenty to convince me there was a desperation about them that suggested waning support for the Sandinistas. That was my point at the end of the article, when I discussed grumblings of the Sandinista rank-and-file against the leadership.

(2) Sandinista memos leaked to *La Prensa* did describe bargain car sales to FSLN party members. I concede that this may be a truer picture of Mr. Ortega's commercial activities than what my sources told me. But in the end, neither Schwartz nor I know whether there isn't enough automotive booty left over for Mr. Ortega to make himself into the Joe Isuzu of Nicaragua.

(3) While he was minister of tourism, Herty Lewites's big project was a showcase resort he built at Montelimar at a cost of some $50 million, with credits and technical assistance from the government of Italy. Before the transfer of power, an Italian diplomat in Managua had this to say about the Pacific coast resort: Its commercial future is "bleak" if it wants to attract anyone other than Managua residents who have nowhere else to go. Montelimar offered beach users only three outdoor showers, one of which was broken. International guests at its hotel had to fight to have their reservations honored, and faced a confusing system for charging their expenses. The chipped tiles in the swimming pool made it dangerous. At the Central American presidents' summit held at the resort last April, diners did not have adequate utensils with which to eat their food.

Schwartz's praise of Lewites as the most competent Sandinista may well be appropriate. But somehow even with the advantages of a beautiful beach, cheap labor, millions in aid, and economic policies that strangled any private competition, he bequeathed to the new government a white elephant that will have to be significantly improved if it is to compete for foreign tourism dollars against other tropical resorts that are both less expensive and better run.

(Yes, it's true that Flor de Cana is still very good rum; disgruntled Montelimar guests can always drown their sorrows in it.)

(4) *La Prensa* supports the Chamorro administration's efforts to remove Sandinista militants from their government jobs, and to trim bloated state payrolls generally. But Editorial Nueva Nicaragua (ENN) no longer belongs to the government; it is Sandinista and private. When it is the Sandinistas doing the firing, *La Prensa* becomes the defender of dismissed Sandinista union members (Schwartz erroneously implies they belonged to independent unions). To see *La Prensa*'s advocacy as politically calculated to stir up trouble between different levels of the Sandinista hierarchy is not, I believe, unreasonable.

As for the independent labor organizations, Schwartz is right to say they played a major role in the victory of Mrs. Chamorro's Union of National Opposition (UNO), and they are now reaping the benefits of increasing defections from the Sandinista unions. But independent union leaders say they do not feel represented by UNO. One leader I talked to, Jose Espinoza of the Council for Trade Union Unity (CUS), said Sandinista security officers searched his house looking for a counter-revolutionary weapons cache, and that Chamorro's people, not being in control of security or police forces, were powerless to stop it. Schwartz, despite his strong union background, would no doubt be willing to overlook this kind of thing so that not a word will be said against Mrs. Chamorro.

The other group labeled counter-revolutionary by the Sandinistas is the ever-more-organized movement of UNO mayors all over the country. The mayors want Sandinista army officers, police chiefs, and political authorities removed. The mayors, and the armed ex-contras who have come to form part of their constituency, are clashing with local Sandinista authorities and their recently armed supporters. Even when UNO deputies in the National Assembly manage to unite in support of the mayors' de-Sandinization demand—on December 14 they voted, in unprecedented unity, for a $20 million cut in the military budget—Mrs. Chamorro does not take advantage. Amid bomb and grenade attacks on UNO mayors and legislators who supported the cut, Mrs. Chamorro vetoed it, promising an $8.5 million cut instead.

And although the Salvadoran FMLN (still headquartered in Managua) was recently caught receiving Soviet-made surface-to-air missiles from the Sandinistas, the FMLN will not be kicked out of the Nicaraguan capital. Why not? Because ejecting the Salvadoran guerrillas "might hurt the peace process in El Salvador," Antonio Lacayo told me.

There is no issue of "ideological purity" involved in President Chamorro's lukewarm fulfillment of the demilitarization pledge that won her office. As in El Salvador, Guatemala, and elsewhere in Latin America, it is a matter of who has the guns. But Mrs. Chamorro had a better chance, many say, to assert herself at her inauguration. Even former Costa Rican President Oscar Arias urged her to fire Humberto Ortega as head of the armed forces when she had the opportunity. I can understand the fear that may have stayed her hand, but I cannot ignore its consequences for democracy in Nicaragua. I am not one of those who advocated a U.S. invasion instead of an election. I, too, say Mrs. Chamorro's victory was "a grand drama." But victories can be squandered.

Correction
Two printing errors (I take it that this is what they are) have made the meaning of two sentences in my *Ivory Trade* review (*TAS*, February 1991) somewhat unclear. In the second column, where it says "the most *precious* claims to long tradition," I originally wrote "the most *specious* claims . . . "; and in the third column, where it says "In an age where aesthetic *realism* is king," I originally wrote "in an age where aesthetic *relativism* . . . "

—R. J. Stove
Ashfield, New South Wales
Australia

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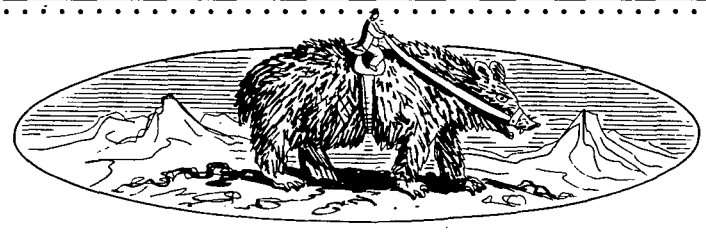

GLOOM CITY

by Robert D. Novak

In the dreary winter of 1991, talk of the comeback of hard-line Communism abounded. And in the prototypical modern police state there seemed more policemen around than ever. Even members of the Soviet parliament complained the militia had become more obstreperous in clearing guests through security. The KGB enlists more and more young men. Censorship on state television has been reimposed.

Yet a Westerner who had last visited Moscow three or four years ago would be impressed. Russians in the street talk freely to foreigners. A democratic opposition exists, with elected legislators denouncing the system, the Bolshevik legacy, and Mikhail Gorbachev. They declare their desire to make this a "civilized country" after seventy years of "criminal rule." Visiting Western journalists are ignored by the omnipresent state security system.

Nobody knows what will come of this clash between the first tender buds of democracy and the massive apparatus of repression Gorbachev has at his disposal. The apparatchiks are determined not to join their German, Polish, and Hungarian imitators in oblivion, while the generals fear for their country's superpower status, now that German reunification and the loss of Eastern Europe have been followed by the humiliation of their clients and arms in Baghdad. The result is gloom.

The coldest Russian winter in years, with temperatures falling regularly to twenty below, provides an ironic backdrop to the grimness of everyday life. Stores are empty, lines endless, shabbiness and disrepair ubiquitous. In Leningrad, the most Westernized of Russian cities, where I spent three days, citizens are heartsick over the physical deterioration of the place they were hoping would soon again be called St. Petersburg.

Robert D. Novak is a syndicated columnist, a television commentator, and the publisher of the Evans and Novak Political Report.

The hopelessly devalued ruble is both a cause and a symptom of this malaise. Whereas until 1989 most everyone was afraid to accept the dollar here, now it is all that anyone wants. It is demanded by the privately owned restaurants ("cooperatives") and by the Finnair-owned Savoy, the one Western-style hotel in Moscow. These establishments charge $100 for dinner, $350 for a room—out of sight for Ivan Ivanovich.

The dollar is the currency of choice in the gray-to-black markets, the only thriving sectors of the Soviet economy. Drivers and translators I hired wanted cash in dollars, on which they would not pay the 70 percent-plus tax. Taxis are hard to hail in Moscow, but private cars will pick you up and take you to your destination for a few dollars in hard cash. Policemen stop autos for alleged traffic violations and haggle, in full public view, over the fine, which they try to collect on the spot.

Scarce sausages and a worthless ruble are behind the KGB's crackdown on private enterprises, which are accused of "economic sabotage"—an ominous term recalling the Stalinist terror.

Vitaly Kliuchnikov, owner of one of Moscow's first private restaurants, reflects the unhappy mood here. He has expanded his prosperous operation and is about to enter into a joint venture with a German firm. The night before we spoke, Communist hard-liners had ousted him as chairman of the Kalinin District Soviet, a position he had used to promote more than fifty private businesses in the district.

Gorbachev is moving to save socialism. The troops he is assigning to patrol the cities are greeted with outrage by the elected soviets (legislatures) in the republics. In Moscow, I spotted only one team of young conscripts accompanied by hardened policemen, but it was a frightening omen. Outside Communist ranks, I heard few kind words for the Nobel Peace laureate. I did hear disbelief that the Bush Administration fails to understand that Gorbachev is the problem not the solution.

The solution—universally agreed upon by all proponents of reform—is Boris Yeltsin, president of the Russian Republic. I came here to interview him for a *Reader's Digest* article and (incidentally) a CNN Evans-Novak broadcast. He had stiffed us six months ago, simply not showing up at the TV studio for a scheduled interview, but friends said he was sorry and wanted to make amends. Nothing is easy in the Soviet Union, and I had to extend my visit five days before I got to see Yeltsin.

This gave me time to spend a weekend in Tbilisi, the capital of Soviet Georgia. Compared to what I saw in Moscow and Leningrad, Tbilisi seemed like Palm Beach. The central government's writ in the ancient kingdom of Georgia runs thin. The Soviet flag is nowhere to be seen, statues of Lenin (not to mention of favorite son Joseph Stalin) have been torn down. The non-Communist government of the Georgian republic runs its own show. The Kremlin has responded by tightening the screws on food and energy. The hotel was so cold that diners wore their overcoats to partake of the limited menu (cabbage soup and meat of an undesignated source—fried). But the Kremlin had not dared to send soldiers to patrol Tbilisi. When the Red Army comes, it will have to be in force. Remembering April 9, 1989—when troops mowed down civilians in the Georgian capital—the populace has armed itself to the teeth.

Civil war? When we returned to Moscow and did indeed get two hours with Yeltsin, he flatly said yes, there will be civil war if the army tries to enforce Gorbachev's will. The main hope for averting calamity is Gorbachev's chronic indecision. He flinched after the January bloodshed in Vilnius, declining to proceed with the planned military overthrow of the Landsbergis government.

The Communist apparatus has spread the word to Western diplomats and news correspondents that the people yearn for the good old days of Brezhnev Khrushchev, and even Stalin. This is manifestly preposterous. On the few occasions they've had so far to cast free ballots, the Soviet people have invariably voted down the Communists. Nonetheless, democratic leaders—mainly intellectuals among whom physicists are preponderant—fret about the "Russian in the street." Yeltsin is their link to the masses, who recognize and admire his rejection of the high life of the high *nomenklatúra.*

On retrieving my coat and hat after I'd seen Yeltsin, the checkroom attendant—a typical late-middle-aged *babushka*—noticed I was carrying his autobiography bearing the Russian president's picture on the dust jacket. "That's our darling," she said. □

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CURRENT WISDOM

Daily Nexus

A communiqué from Tony Pierce, senior literature major in the College of Creative Studies at the University of California at Santa Barbara, in the student paper of that very same institution—let 'er rip, Tony:

For the record, I am vehemently opposed to violence in any form. I am a lover of man. I am often bewildered, surprised, inspired and in love with our species in light of all the revulsion and evil we inflict on one another. But whenever I doubt mankind, I am quickly rejuvenated by our beauty, capacity for love and ability to be miraculously wonderful.

Because of that, I am personally pained whenever I see or hear about suffering of any kind inflicted on a fellow human. Yeah, it's weird to be this way. Some things you can't help. But others you can.

All of this makes it very hard for me to support the soldiers across this planet who have blindly followed their gutless commanders to stage this meaningless pain upon Iraq. It's hard for me to support them because, even though I care for them and understand their positions as employees of their nations, they are still human beings with brains and feelings, and they're old enough to know good from evil. And I have a feeling that a lot of them know they're doing the latter.

When this madness ends, however, our president will say that our soldiers were brave. Friends, this is called Bullshit.

The soldiers who ruthlessly bombed Iraq on the 16th were the largest conglomeration of yellow-blooded pussies to have worn the American flag on their sleeves. They are a disgrace to our nation and rank in my heart next to Hitler's SS weasles [sic]. And most of you are buying right into it.

[January 23, 1991]

Sacramento Bee

An unfortunate misconception regarding the scortatory feats of the American feminist leads a noted man of the cloth into grievous intellectual error:

. . . mainstream America can't learn from history because the lessons are taught in the wrong place. The proper place might well be the conjugal bed.

In the 1600s the women of the Iroquois Nation grasped the fundamental insight when weary of wars, they told their husbands they would produce no more warriors. Contrary to those who say boycotts don't work, their boycott of sex, even though temporary, worked. The mighty warriors grasped the effects of their aggression only after their history lesson was personalized.

An organized, angry feminist movement modeled after the Iroquois women is our only hope for a realistic new world order.

—The Rev. Lawrence A. Castagnola, Society of Jesus Sacramento

[February 18, 1991]

Crimson White

An interview in the student paper of the University of Alabama with New York artist Barbara Shinn demonstrates that when speech is consigned to print, much is lost. Actually, Miss Shinn is not a total moron:

Artists through the years have considered the human body an inspiration for their work. In Barbara Shinn's latest exhibition the focus of her artistic talent is on one particular part of the human body—the buttocks.

To this New York-based photographer the human butt represents her own definition of perpetual motion. . . . "I feel the butt can be hilarious and it can be horrendous," she said. . . . The definition contains a statement that the perpetual motion machine is self-creative and self-reactive which means, Shinn said, the butt is producing excrement and, in that way, it is a machine.

"You think about a gyrating butt and about a man and a woman boffing each other in the butt and that can be absurd," she said, "and that can be very funny, and that can also be very horrendous at times because of the pain. So I feel in that way it's a very loaded imagery, and the butt to me is sort of a symbol of the existence of the human body."

[January 24, 1991]

The Great Books Series

Archbishop David Halberstam in his World Council of Churches mode, after an appearance before the nation's governors:

Just two weeks earlier I had sat in a meeting with Barbara Tuchman, the esteemed American historian, and she had said in the most casual way that the events taking place in the Soviet Union were the most important ones in her lifetime.

Kissinger was having none of it. He was condescending about what Gorbachev was doing, and he was even more condescending about those poor Americans who were taking it all so seriously. His theme was simple: Not only should we be wary of Gorbachev, but if there was any great weakness to American policy during the entire postwar era, it was American naiveté, our belief that we could make deals on a personal level with a succession of Soviet leaders. According to him, only the Nixon-Kissinger team had remained immune to this temptation. He made no mention of the Soviet withdrawal from Afghanistan. His speech struck me then (and even more so today) as the last speech of the old order.

I sat three seats away, facing the governors, and I watched their reaction. As Kissinger continued to hammer away with his Cold-War rhetoric, they began to lose interest. The governors are today, I think, quite possibly our best public servants.

[from The Next Century, *by David Halberstam, William Morrow & Co., $16.95]*

Washington Post

Colman McCarthy pens yet another column for those seven years of age and under in the greater Washington environs:

In 1957, the Church of the Brethren, understanding the essence of Christ's teaching as many Catholic bishops and their brothers in arms, the broadcast preachers, do not, stated: "We declare again that our members should neither participate in war nor learn the art of war."

If revised to be relevant to the Persian Gulf War, the Brethren statement might now forbid learning the language of war. A first linguistic shifting would be dropping the word "war" itself. It is used so often and so broadly that its meaning has lost impact. Replace it with the more accurate word—"slaughter." CNN would change its "War in the Gulf" programs to "Slaughter in the Gulf." Instead of World War I, World War II and the Vietnam War, call them World Slaughter I, World Slaughter II and the Vietnam Slaughter.

As for theologians, would they serve God, country and George Bush with the just-slaughter theory?

[February 10, 1991]

Harper's

John Lukacs proves once again that there are those with eyes who do not see and with ears who do not hear, but with egos to compensate for all perceptual defects:

The German people, by and large, like Americans—for which they have plenty of reasons, I must say. Their political judgment is more realistic than that of the people in Eastern Europe, whence I had flown to Berlin. Even the most intelligent people in Hungary and Poland startled me with the opinion, widely held in Budapest and Warsaw, that this world-historical change, the end of an epoch, the decline of the Soviet Union and its astonishing retreat from Europe, was due to one man: Ronald Reagan. It was Reagan who, with his brilliant armament program and his Star Wars, forced the Soviet Union into bankruptcy. Reagan made Gorbachev do what he had to do. I heard this again and again; and, after so many times stuttering "nonsense," I simply gave up. The Germans don't think this about Reagan and history. They know the Russians better than that. They know what they owe to Gorbachev, which is to their credit.

[March 1991]

Progressive

Miss June Jordan reveals the unwholesome consequence of missing her daily slug of Valium:

Does George Bush rush 250,000 American troops into Jordan, threatening to invade Israel unless Israel relinquishes the "Occupied Territories" that amount to what's left of a homeland for the Palestinian people? Does Bush freeze all loans, aid, and accounts tied to Israel until and unless Israel complies with our Foreign Assistance Act of 1961? (This American law stipulates that no U.S. aid may be provided to countries engaging in a consistent pattern of human-rights abuse.)

No, no, no, no. And why the hell not?

Clearly, a barrel of oil is worth more than any number of Palestinian lives. Clearly, a barrel of oil is worth more than the safety of the 250,000 young African-American and Mexican-American and Latino and poor white men and women now sweltering on the Arabian desert while they await God-knows-what horrible and undue and untimely death.

I say we need a rising up, an Intifada, U.S.A.

[December 1990]

American Prospect

Indignant that snooty fellows make fun of Liberalism, and full of confidence that there is no truth to the bum rap "Liberalism is dead," the heirs to Brandeis and Frankfurter have found a stupendous new journal defiant of trendiness and mawkishness and apparently convinced in a review of Robert Bork's latest book that the grizzled judge is—egad!—a gal:

One mark of a great judge is the way she confronts this tension: When she finds that the law does not conform to her own vision, does she recognize that politics is one thing, law quite another? Or does she seek to dissolve the tension by treating the law as if it were a malleable vessel for her political and moral ideals? Bork is right to suggest that much trendy "theory" runs rough-shod over these distinctions.

[Summer 1990]

Miami Herald

What happens when the art of Andre Serrano is employed by less well-trained aesthetes:

Miami-Dade Community College has hired a private investigator to find out who urinated and defecated on a North Campus administrator's chair. The victim says the harassment was directed against her efforts to increase women and minorities in the school's fire-fighting training program.

"It's reprehensible, disgusting and appalling," said Terence Kelly, vice president of MDCC North Campus. "It's beyond me why someone would do something like this." . . . Teresa Everett, the fire program's training director, said problems began after an Oct. 21 *Miami Herald* Neighbors article in which she spoke about her goals at the academy. . . . A few times after the article appeared, she noticed wetness on her chair but thought it was only a leaky ceiling. The last time, she also found feces on her chair.

"Immediately we confiscated the chair," Kelly said.

[January 3, 1991]

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